

FRANK LESLIE'S
LEAFLET & BRIDGE
NEWSPAPER

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THE REPUBLICAN DIVER SEARCHING FOR THE DEAD (PAST).

FRANK LESLIE'S
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THE MORRISON TARIFF BILL.

THE first step has been taken towards a solution of the tariff problems by the present House. Mr. Morrison has recognized the fact that there exists a well-defined public sentiment in favor of a revision of the tariff. Many features of the existing Act are absolutely indefensible and incontestably bad. It is full of crudities, incongruities and inconsistencies. It taxes manufactured articles less than the raw materials of which they are composed. Comforts and necessities are subjected to a higher rate of taxation than luxuries. Scores of articles are kept on the dutiable list at a loss of thousands of dollars annually to the revenue. The Government taxes the citizen at a loss and then imposes an additional tax to make good the loss caused by taxing him. Prohibitive duties are piled up so as to constitute a partial blockade of American ports. The importation of certain goods is as effectually prohibited as if a Chinese wall extended along the Atlantic and Pacific coasts. These and other defects in the existing tariff have been open to the criticism of the civilized world.

By leaving its framework untouched, some of these defects are not removed by the new Bill, but are perpetuated. A horizontal reduction of duties is not wise when the existing Act is constructed on no principle known to the science of Political Economy. Violations of the rules and maxims of taxation should not be continued. Every tariff should have a guiding principle, plan, or intelligent purpose. It should represent something more than the relative amount of pressure brought to bear upon legislators in favor of this or that protected interest. It should discriminate as to the character and uses of the articles taxed. To move duties up or down by an arbitrary rate requires no knowledge of the economic sciences nor of any science save that of simple arithmetic. It involves no acquaintance with tariff legislation in other countries or our own.

Wherever Mr. Morrison follows the horizontal principle in his reduction of rates he seems to go astray. Who has asked for a reduction of duties on wool, or on woolen goods, where such duties are not prohibitive? Why should the rate on opium for smoking be cut down? Why should silk parasols, kid gloves, or any other luxuries, be taxed less than at present? Regulating duties by the absolute Act of 1861 will lead to complications both unnecessary and endless.

But when the Chairman of the Ways and Means escapes from the horizontal folly, he suggests modifications worthy of high praise. He has wisely transferred crude ores and other raw products to the free list. He has reduced the duties on sugar, rice, potatoes and other necessities of living. Coal and salt have very properly been made free. Lumber has been made free, a change which many will consider too extreme and radical to be advantageous. A reduction of the duty on Canadian lumber was undoubtedly desirable. Other additions to the free list have been well considered, and will promote the general welfare.

But the Bill, upon the whole, will not pass, and should not become a law without material amendments.

Mr. Morrison has had a grand opportunity, which, we regret to say, he has not improved to the best advantage, to present a Tariff Bill which, while politically expedient, might have been absolutely sound from the standpoint of science, and in the light of accepted principles. He should have reduced all prohibitive duties to the revenue-yielding point. All authorities condemn duties that prohibit commercial exchanges. He should have removed or reduced the duties on all raw materials, not on a part only. Raw products should never be taxed so high as completely manufactured articles, and he should have lessened the taxes on all the prime necessities of life, in the interests of labor. The duties on luxuries should have been let alone. Here neither a horizontal nor a zigzag reduction was called for. And lastly, all distinct lines of merchandise should have been transferred to the free list, which are now taxed at a loss of revenue. Articles which yield two, four and eight dollars a year would promote the interests of the revenue by yielding nothing at all.

These are great principles of tariff taxation which are accepted and settled because sound in the light of that knowledge which is derived from the world's instructed experience.

The political effect of an attack along the whole line of protected interests, through Mr. Morrison's Bill, we leave for the politicians to determine. But the hos-

tility of eighteen hundred millions of capital will doubtless prove a fatal factor in the coming national contest.

DISASTER IN THE SOUDAN.

ON the very day the Queen's Speech was read to the reassembling British Parliament news reached England that may have the effect of entirely disarranging the programme of the session.

Another English army has been routed and all but annihilated in the Soudan. Baker Pasha's force, which was making a desperate effort to relieve the beleaguered town of Sinkat, was stopped on its way by a body of the Mahdi's Arabs and utterly defeated, Baker himself and a few followers barely escaping with their lives. Sinkat is in imminent danger, a portion of its garrison, with their commander, the gallant Tewfik Bey, having been cut to pieces. Tokar is already in possession of the Mahdi.

More momentous than any of these occurrences will be the fate which is imminent for Khartoum, the capital city of the Soudan. All hope of relieving the garrison of Khartoum, which is surrounded by the Mahdi's forces, had been abandoned weeks ago, and "Chinese" Gordon, as a sort of evangel of grace, was sent to see what he could do to appease the belligerent Arabs. Now comes the news that, in consequence of the defeat of Baker, the tribes above Korosko are becoming restive, and although General Gordon is reported to have reached Berber, there are fears that he may not be able to proceed further. Any day, therefore, we may hear of the garrison of Khartoum being massacred; and that, in all the circumstances, would be a British calamity beside which Isandula, of the Zululand campaign, would appear but a slight mishap.

In the very best aspect of the case, General Gordon's mission is one of extreme peril. He has one persuasive, however, that may prove all-powerful with the hostile tribes, and that is an abundant supply of gold coin. The sheiks to northward and eastward of Khartoum are very poor; they have been systematically plundered since the Egyptian conquest by a gang of corrupt officials more voracious than the African vultures which hover over the Nubian Desert seeking the carcasses of dead camels falling by the way. It was this dire poverty, this wanton thievery of the Turks and Egyptians, which led more to the present revolt than the religious teachings of the Mahdi. Therefore, if General Gordon can make peace at all in those latitudes he can better purchase it with money than by those unequal feats of arms by which he was always the victor in China. Even the Sudan Arabs, proud, and justly so, too, of their devotion to their tribal laws and traditions, and to the tenets of the Koran, are fond of large possessions—particularly of camels and slaves—and money will, undoubtedly, prove a very potent argument. They remember Gordon also with a respect they do not usually accord to a Christian; for when he was in Equatorial Africa as its Governor-general he was a friend of the people, and did his utmost to prevent plundering and extortion.

It is to be remembered, however, on the other hand, that, following so close upon the annihilation of Hicks Pasha's army, the defeat of Baker and Tewfik Bey and the other successes of the False Prophet will have a tremendous effect on the imagination of the Mussulman population of Egypt, and, in deed, of Islam in general. The Mahdi will now be really regarded as "the Deliverer," with a mission to conquer the world; and instead of the English being aided in Egypt by a friendly people, they will find themselves isolated in a country of hostile tribes—tribes animated by the fierce hostility of Eastern fanaticism. Thus the difficulties of England's occupation of Egypt and the Soudan are already increased to an incalculable extent.

At home the effect of the series of British disasters may be equally momentous. The Tories will make the utmost use of the opportunity to discredit the policy of the Liberal Government; and it is not impossible that the Soudanese rebellion may, in the end, bring about a complete evolution in British politics.

"NO MAN SHOULD SAY HER NAY."

IF leap year endowed the petticoated sex with an enlargement of political rights as it is supposed to endow them with an expansion of sentimental privileges, and if the women of the United States could elect the President this year, they would at once desert Wentworth Higginson and Ben. Butler, and concentrate their votes on Charles J. Folger, Secretary of the Treasury. In becoming Mary Miller's champion, he has become the *preux chevalier* of all women everywhere.

Mary Miller, of New Orleans, applied for a license as master or "captain" of a steamboat plying on the Ouachita River. The local Inspector and the Supervising Inspector-general concurred in refusing to grant the license, on the ground that the

statute authorizing the issue of a license speaks of the master as "he" and "him," and that "he" or "him" could not possibly be a woman. Kenneth Raynor, Solicitor of the Treasury, approved of this finding, and added that if a woman is permitted to command a steamboat she must be permitted to serve as hangman and perform every disagreeable and dangerous hardship. He indorsed the application with a square negative and forwarded it to Secretary Folger. That official now reverses the decision of his subordinates, declares that "he" and "him" can be a woman if they happen to be, as is frequently the case in law and in Scripture, and orders the license to issue to Captain Mary Miller. He says, sensibly enough, "I know of nothing imperative in the reason of things, in natural law, in public policy or in good morals, why a woman, if she is skilled, honest, intelligent, hardy and prudent enough, may not have command of a steam vessel and navigate it and manage and conduct the business carried on with it. To do that is to be a master of a steam vessel." Hereupon he orders that the local inspectors shall, "putting behind them all thought of her sex, without antagonism and without partiality, carefully examine her and the proofs she offers, and if they are satisfied that her capacity, her experience and her habits of life and character warrant a belief that she can be safely intrusted with the duties and responsibilities of a master of a steam vessel, let them grant her a license according to section 4,439." As the steamer is owned by her husband and herself, and as she has been virtually in command of the vessel for two years while he has been confined in the cabin physically disabled, she is likely to pass muster.

There is an entertaining directness and quaintness about the Secretary's summing up, where he says:

"I see no reason, then, in unwritten or written law, why Mistress Miller may not lawfully demand an examination, and, if she prove herself duly qualified, have a license to serve as a master of a steam vessel. Nor is there need of talk, *pro or con*, on social status or 'Woman's Rights,' so-called. Having been put on God's footstool by Him, she has the right to win her bread in any moral, decent way which is open to any of His toiling creatures. She chooses to do so as the master of a steam vessel. It is an honest calling. If she is fitted for it, though clothed in skirts rather than breeches, she has a right to follow it, and no man should say her nay."

Such manly speech is, of course, received with enthusiasm everywhere. The decision is, at least, a practical recognition of woman's right to earn her own living and incidentally to support her husband. It is a good deal more to the point than the sermon which the good parson preached on "Woman's Rights and Responsibilities." He declared that woman was the great leader of civilization, God's best gift to man, last at the cross and earliest at the grave, the source of joy, the alleviator of sorrow, a creature of fearful responsibility for the course of empires and the career of states; and then he paused for breath, and appealed to the ladies of his congregation to hold a fair and sell pin-cushions to buy a central chandelier!

The Secretary treads on delicate ground when he affirms that "words imputing the masculine gender may be applied to females," and that "statutes which speak of males (as of peers) and confer personal privileges, include females (as peeresses), though only males are mentioned"; for this is exactly the argument on which Miss Susan B. Anthony has claimed that the statute conferring on men the privilege of voting enfranchised women also. But the extension of the ballot is more a question of policy than of principle, and it is certain that women will not be allowed to vote till a majority of the thoughtful of both sexes come to the conclusion that her exercise of the privilege would promote the true interests of society.

The question which the Frenchman discussed in the *Revue* not long ago, "Ought women to be permitted to learn the alphabet?" has been decided; and now it is also settled that women may be permitted to earn her living and support her family in any reputable way. The ways are not too numerous or too easy. The recompense is not too great. Women who earn their living are not too highly honored. But Secretary Folger's enlightened words will tend to make hard work easier, and will become an important element in the improvement of woman's status the world over.

OUR COTTON MANUFACTURES.

ONE of the most deplorable features of the present condition of mercantile affairs is the depression in the cotton goods industry. For some time past certain fabrics have yielded no profit to the manufacturers, and the stagnation in trade has been so great that they have been forced to adopt the rather unusual expedient of selling them by auction. In almost all branches of the business there has been an over-production of goods, and this has been attended by the inevitable concomitants of slowness of trade and unprofitable prices. Heretofore the first step in such circumstances has been to sharply reduce the wages of the operatives in the mills; in

other words, those who could least afford to bear any considerable burden have been obliged to shoulder a large portion of it. But latterly a policy has been inaugurated by the manufacturers which is at once more humane and far more intelligent than that ordinarily followed; that is to say, it has been determined, by a number of companies, to reduce the production of goods, and run the mills on half time. This will cause a reduction in the wages, but the diminution will be offset in no small degree by allowing the operatives to occupy their tenements free of rent during the period, not yet definitely decided upon, in which the manufactories are to work on half time.

No less than eleven companies representing 700,000 spindles have decided to curtail their production, and it cannot be very long before the reduction will have a salutary effect on this important branch of commerce. But as the domestic trade is in a languishing state, why should not more energetic measures be taken to increase the foreign commerce? Our cotton fabrics are in some respects the best in the world, and they only need to become better known to command a larger sale. The Australian trade, for example, might be easily increased. The Australians are steadily increasing their material wealth, and it is averred that in New Zealand, especially, the sale of our cottons might be markedly augmented by a little more attention to its emporiums. The African trade is for the most part monopolized by the French and English, and they, undoubtedly, have great advantages, such as regular lines of steamers, but their goods are not so well liked as the American, and our trade in this direction should at least be something more than it is at present. And so in parts of Asia, in the West Indies, and in South America; these fields have scarcely been touched, even though it be admitted that our exports thither have within a few years increased an important item.

COLLEGE ATHLETICS.

THE annual report of President Eliot, of Harvard University, is always awaited with great interest. The young president of the oldest American college has clear and strong conceptions of the nature and needs of collegiate education. Among the subjects to which he calls attention in the report just issued is that of intercollegiate athletic contests.

Although Dr. Eliot does not allude to the fact, it is plain that, in the view of the public, the American college is tending to become an association of baseball clubs of football teams and of boat crews. The daily papers devote far more space, than a score of years since, to the colleges, but the topics considered are not the Greek prizes won, the scholarship given, nor the honours bestowed at graduation, but the size of the muscle of the crew's stroke, and the effect of the "training diet" on the avor-duplos of the members of the baseball nine! We venture, however, the assurance that the colleges are still institutions of learning rather than institutions of boating and of rowing.

The evils, however, of paying so great attention on the part of the students to athletic sports are many and diverse. The greatest harm, perhaps, is that by the present system. Physical and intellectual vigor which should be given to the training of the mind is given to the training of the body. The purpose of the athlete is no longer to maintain a high or even an average rank as a scholar, but to pull the best oar. As his enthusiasm for football increases, his enthusiasm for calculus or philosophy diminishes. The students who pay much attention to athletic sport are, on the whole, among the poorest scholars of their class. To this very serious evil is to be added the brutality which seems to be a necessary accompaniment of certain contests—as that of football. A series of games is seldom played without the breaking of bones or the dislocation of joints. It is, further, not to be doubted but that so great and constant devotion to those sports injures the cause of the higher education in the judgment of the better classes of the community.

But while these disadvantages are the results of the system of intercollegiate contests as now conducted, neither President Eliot nor any educator entertains a single objection against the physical development and exercise of college students. All those interested in the education of youth endeavor to realize the ancient ideal not only of a sound mind, but also of a sound mind dwelling in a body equally sound. The typical college man is no longer a sallow skeleton, with a hollow chest and weak knees, but a plump, red-cheeked and vigorous youth. His health is firmer, his strength greater, than the average New York clerk of the same age possesses. Dr. Jarvis says that each laborer in Europe loses by sickness each year nineteen days. The Massachusetts Board of Health reported that in 1872 in that commonwealth "each productive person lost thirteen days by sickness." For fifteen years a record of

sickness and resulting absence was kept at Amherst College. It shows that each student lost through illness only 2.64 days each year; or only about one fifth of the time that the Massachusetts workmen, and less than one-seventh of the time that the European laborer, thus lost.

The general cause of the fine physical condition of the large body of college students lies in the great attention which is paid to regular and healthful exercise. The first gymnasium of an American college was built less than twenty-five years ago; but now every well-equipped college has a gymnasium. At least three of our colleges—Harvard, Amherst and Cornell—have an instructor in physical education. Students in these colleges are examined with reference to their physical weaknesses, and are advised respecting those forms of exercise which they should either cultivate or avoid. In certain institutions gymnastic work is as much a required task as any college duty; in others, and more, this exercise is taken with regularity by the large majority of the students.

The effect of this practice is quite as beneficial to the mind as to the body. For a student to receive the largest advantage from his four years at college his body must needs be vigorous and elastic; this physical condition is not to be either gained or retained without proper and sufficient exercise. It is not so much over-work on their studies which kills a few students each year, as under-exercise with parallel bars and dumb-bells. If the ordinary collegian will conscientiously devote an hour daily to the culture of his body, he can with safety devote ten hours to the culture of his mind. His body and mind will thus be kept strong, and both will ever increase in strength.

CIVILIZING THE INDIANS.

THE report of the Superintendent-general of Indian Affairs was presented to the Dominion Parliament a fortnight since, and the information furnished by it shows that the Indians are becoming rapidly self-sustaining and civilized. The total number of Indians in the Northwest is 131,000, and of this number 5,000 attend school. They are considered now so far advanced in civilization, that Sir John A. MacDonald, the Premier of Canada, has concluded that the time has arrived when they can be no longer deprived of self-government without injustice. For the purpose of conferring upon them this privilege, the Premier has introduced a Bill which will make provision for allowing the Indians to manage their own municipal affairs. The Bill provides that each reserve shall be divided into sections, and that each section shall be entitled to elect a council, all male Indians of the age of twenty-one being allowed to vote. The council so elected for the reserve will have full control of roads, bridges and public buildings, with power to raise revenue for the maintenance of the same by taxation. They will also have the power to imprison any person for the violation of the regulations made by the council, as well as to divide the reserve and allot the same as they may see proper.

Although this is not the first instance of municipal rights being granted to Indians in Canada, as those on the Grand River reservation have long been self-governing, still the Bill under consideration, and which will undoubtedly become law, is so universal in its scope that it may be fairly regarded as a measure proposing the national enfranchisement of the red man. That the opinion generally entertained that the Indian is incapable of being brought under the influences of civilization is erroneous need not be proven. Prejudice alone would place the Indian on a lower scale of humanity than other races, physiologically his inferior; and that humane treatment and Christianizing influences have elevated and are elevating him is well known to all who are at all familiar with the history and present condition of the race. The humanitarian will watch with interest the future conduct of the Indian while solving the problem of self-government.

ECHOES FROM ABROAD.

THE Queen's Speech at the opening of the British Parliament recited briefly England's friendly and harmonious relations, commercial and diplomatic, with various foreign Powers; and alluded, in complacent though ambiguous terms, to the Government's Egyptian policy. We have commented elsewhere upon the latter of these themes. Among the measures of domestic politics alluded to in the Speech, that of most interest is the Bill for the enlargement of the occupation franchise in Parliamentary elections throughout the United Kingdom, which Mr. Gladstone has pledged himself to forward. The effect of this Bill, if it becomes a law, will be practically to render the suffrage in England nearly as extensive as it now is in the United States. The Speech lacks definiteness regarding Great Britain's relations with France on the Madagascar and Chinese questions, and concerning the Australian Federation policy.

Hope is expressed that the commission now sitting in Paris will conclude the basis of an arrangement for the future regulation of the question of the American fisheries. As was to be expected, the debate on the Speech was characterized by great bitterness on the part of the Conservatives, who attacked the Ministerial policy at every available point. They were, however, vigorously repulsed, and lost rather than gained ground by the contention. Mr. Parnell's amendment to the Address in reply to the Speech, generally denunciatory of the Irish policy of the Government, is still under discussion.

The "Tonquin affair" presents no new phases beyond the dispersion of bands of rebels in the provinces of Namdinh and Sontay. Preparations of a warlike nature continue, however, and the French Government has ordered war materials sufficient for six gunboats to be dispatched from Toulon to the scene of hostilities. It is not likely that any decisive events will occur before next month.

The Nihilistic movement in Russia and the Socialistic conspiracy in Austria appear to be gathering strength. In Russia wholesale arrests of persons suspected of Socialism continue, and all foreigners in railway service are to be dismissed unless they consent to be naturalized. In Austria fresh discoveries continue to be made of dynamite bombs and sedition papers, and there is great uneasiness in Government circles.

There are some indications of French co-operation with Great Britain in Egyptian affairs. The French Ambassador has proposed, in a conference with Earl Granville, that French troops be landed at Suakin and march thence to the relief of Khartoum, the ultimate settlement of the Sudan question to be left to a conference of the Powers. The proposition is certainly a magnanimous one, but whether it will be accepted is yet to be seen. Meanwhile, a French cruiser has been ordered to assist in the defense of Suakin in case of an attack by the rebels. A battalion of picked men, under British officers, is to be stationed at that point, and another contingent of marines have been dispatched to Egypt.

A motion looking to the passage of a measure to prevent the importation of cattle suffering from foot-and-mouth disease has been defeated in the British House of Commons by a vote of 251 to 200. During the debate a Liberal member asserted that only one case of disease could be proved to have been imported from America in the last six months. The grievances of the striking weavers have not yet been satisfactorily adjusted. Reports from Lancashire state that the operatives are opposed to the agreement to settle the strike, and mass meetings have been held at various points, at which resolutions to continue the struggle against the reduction of wages were adopted.

NO CLASS of people are more generous than actors. In St. Louis Mr. Irving found a superannuated and poverty-stricken actor with whom he used to play in early days. He wept quietly for a moment, then, with great presence of mind, put his hand into his pocket, drew out a pencil, and wrote a note recommending him to the charity of the Benevolent Order of Elks. This is pathetic. Such impulsive generosity ennobles the modern drama and adds lustre to the name of Irving.

THE Senate Committee on Indian Affairs has reported favorably a Bill to provide for the allotment of lands in severality to Indians on the various reservations, and to extend the laws of the States and Territories over the Indians. If this measure could be enacted into a law, and then faithfully carried out, a long step would be taken towards the settlement of this vexed Indian question, especially if it should be followed by liberal provisions for the education of the red men.

AN attempt is being constantly made to add indefinitely to the pension list, and there is danger that it will some time succeed. The Commissioner's last report showed 303,658 names on the pension-roll—one out of 170 of our entire population, and one out of 40 of our mature men! Will not this suffice for the present? Last year we paid out the enormous sum of \$116,000,000, and the number of men who have been pensioners amounts to one in four of all those who enlisted in the Union army and navy. No other nation in the world has ever been so generous to its dependents as this, but, really, a line ought to be drawn somewhere.

THE nineteenth century seems to have some influence in medical circles. Of two hundred and thirty-one physicians who met at Albany, one hundred and twenty-four, or a clear majority of sixteen, voted to retain the New Code adopted by the Medical Society last year. This permits consultation of allopaths with homeopaths, in violation of the code of ethics obeyed by the societies of most of the other States, and by the National Association. The friends of the Old Code, or the non-intercourse men, then seceded and set up a rival society. If a laic non expert had any right to express an opinion it would be that the men who are nearest to the line of tolerance and personal freedom must win at last in this free and tolerant age.

AS A people we are truly afflicted. Our troubles are about as much as we can bear. Oscar Wilde was disappointed in our Atlantic, disparaged our prairies and even felt compelled to reproach Niagara for a want of real sublimity and "grandeur of line." Now comes to us the little mahogany-colored cousin of the Queen of Tahiti, named in the Pacific vernacular Eepau, and she says, with a my-doll is stuffed-with-sawdust air, "I am disappointed.

Many things are wonderful, but I had heard so much of America that I expected a great deal more than I find." And yet we have the Brooklyn Bridge, Dennis Kearney, the Keely motor, the Chicago hog-killing machine, and four murders every day. Are these achievements to be sneered at by a molasses-colored dudine from the lower slope of the planet? Scarcely!

HONOR to the noble dead are always touching. And peculiarly touching, and calculated to send a thrill of grateful satisfaction through the hearts of all Americans, is the triumphal progress homeward of the melancholy coréé bearing the remains of De Long and his heroic brothers who left the ill-fated Jeannette, and perished in the ice of Arctic Siberia. Along a dreary distance of 8,000 miles have moved the escort with their sad burden, over ice and snow, along unknown rivers, through rugged and dangerous paths, by boat and rail and wagon, and 5,000 miles by horse and reindeer sledge, till the heart of civilization was pierced at Hamburg. There civic honors were paid the martyred dead, heartfelt and earnest as those to old Patroclus. The coffins of the brave strangers were draped in American flags by German hands, and municipal officers laid upon them the wreaths of victory. The honors paid the heroes when their remains reach New York will be even more impressive if not more significant, and will tend to the encouragement of patriotic effort and the sanctification of deeds of daring for the extension of civilized empire and of human knowledge.

PHILADELPHIA'S boy hero has received the common recompense of heroism—that of having his name misprinted in the newspapers. Whether it be John Hagen or John Hogan, however, he has made a splendid record for himself in saving eight young lives by an act of timely courage. He was propelling a party of nine boys on a sled over the frozen Schuylkill, when the ice suddenly broke, and all were precipitated into the water. Crowds on the bridge above stood in helpless despair, but young Hagen plunged in to the rescue, seizing his companions as fast as they rose to the surface, and throwing them out upon the ice. At last he himself sank back exhausted, and was with great difficulty dragged from the water, with one lad under each arm and a third clinging round his neck. He had saved eight out of the nine, and fortunately his own life was spared—as is not always the case with such self-sacrificing rescuers. In the case of a somewhat similar accident on the Susquehanna River, recently, there was no such prompt bravery shown, and two or three unfortunate girls lost their lives. John Hagen is but nineteen years of age, and we heartily hope that the proposition to "do something substantial for him" has been carried out.

AN important decision affecting the question of popular rights as menaced by monopolies has just been rendered by the United States Supreme Court. The case was that of a great water company in California against the City of San Francisco, and was in the nature of an appeal from a decision of the Supreme Court of the State. Under the old Constitution of the State, the rate of compensation to be allowed to the company for supplying water to the city was determined by a commission in the formation of which the municipality took part. Under the new Constitution, adopted in 1879, it was provided that the rates might be fixed by the municipality without the intervention of a commission. The water company held that the new Constitution could not take away the "vested rights" that it had secured under the old "fundamental law," and the State Court having decided otherwise, the case was carried to the tribunal of last resort. That court now decides that a corporation under State law is a creature of the State and its Legislature, and that its relations may be modified accordingly from time to time—may, indeed, if deemed expedient, be abruptly extinguished as a corporate body. This decision is one of great importance to other States than California, and if the principle shall be maintained the pretensions of certain great railway corporations will be very effectively annihilated.

THE opposition of our workingmen to the immigration of foreign laborers is taking definite and organized form. Last week a memorial signed by 30,000 persons in all branches of trade in every part of the Union was presented in the House of Representatives, protesting vigorously "against the landing on our shores of bands of foreign laborers upon whose bodies blood-money to the extent of \$30 per head has been paid and whose liberty is forsaken before their native land passes from their view," and calling for "the enactment of such laws as will make it a criminal offense to bring to this country bodies of men whose freedom has been purchased." The memorialists allege that they are prepared to welcome gladly all who come into our midst free, moral agents, but they insist that the importation of foreign pauper labor is such a serious menace to the commercial life of the Union that longer acquiescence in the system cannot be permitted without downright infidelity to obvious duty on the part of those who are affected by it. There can be no doubt that there is a basis of justice in this complaint. It is, perhaps, natural that employers here should in some cases, in sheer self-defense, seek for skilled labor abroad, but that is a very different thing from the immigration of herds of incompetent, worthless and improvident workingmen—some of them often of the criminal classes—landed here under contracts differing in no sense from the odious system under which the Chinese Six Companies of San Francisco had for many years a mortgage on every Chinese laborer on the Pacific Slope.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

THE City of Columbus disaster is undergoing official investigation at Boston.

THE variable weather in Kansas is said to have killed a large area of winter wheat.

THE weavers in the mills at Fall River, Mass., have joined the spinners in their strike.

HENRY S. CHURCH, the City Chamberlain of Troy, N. Y., is a defaulter for \$100,000. He has fled.

It is believed that the Bill for the relief of Fitz John Porter will pass the Senate by a majority of five or six votes.

SUBSCRIPTION lists for the erection of a statue of Wendell Phillips by popular contribution have been started in Boston.

IT is thought that the great Sioux Indian reservation of 33,000 square miles will soon be thrown open to settlement.

FIVE firemen were killed and eleven others seriously injured by the falling of a wall during a fire at Allentown, Pa., on the 6th inst.

A DISAGREEMENT has arisen in the Senate over the Bill for the Greely relief expedition, and precious time is being lost, apparently for no good reason.

THE Bill redistricting the State of Ohio for Congressional purposes has become a law. It gives the Democrats twelve districts and the Republicans nine.

THE New Jersey Assembly has appointed a special Committee on Woman Suffrage, and a hearing will be given, this week, to the advocates of that reform.

THE New York Chamber of Commerce has appointed a committee to consider and report upon the subject of establishing commercial intercourse with Corea.

THE Mississippi Legislature has rejected a Bill to submit to the vote of the several counties the question of the control of the liquor traffic both in town and county.

THE New York Legislature has passed a Bill providing for a commission to be appointed by the Governor for the purpose of inquiring into the question of convict labor.

THE bodies of De Long and his comrades martyrs in the cause of Arctic exploration are expected to reach this port during the present week, and will be received with imposing ceremonies.

BILLY McGLORY, a New York saloon-keeper known throughout the country, who has heretofore defied the laws, has been sentenced to the penitentiary for six months for violating the excise law.

THE Naval Appropriation Bill, reported to the House last week, appropriates \$14,263,196, being about \$392,304 below the estimate of the Secretary of the Navy and \$1,681,238 below the appropriation of 1882.

THE Senate sub-Committee appointed for the purpose will begin this week the investigation of the alleged Mississippi election outrages, sitting at New Orleans for the purpose. Senator Hoar is Chairman of the Committee.

THE New Jersey Senate has passed a Bill forbidding any cemetery association to refuse burial to the body of any person on account of color. The House of Assembly has passed a Bill to abolish the contract labor system in the State prison and in county jails.

A BILL, giving the Mayor of New York full power to appoint heads of municipal departments without confirmation by the Board of Aldermen, after being discussed at length in the State Assembly, has been ordered to a third reading by a decisive vote.

THE Texas Legislature, before its final adjournment, last week, passed a Bill to lease for seven years, at five cents per acre, 365 sections of school lands belonging to unorganized counties. A Scotch syndicate has purchased the ranch property of six Texas for \$2,500,000.

THE combination in quinine, formed some time since by the seventeen manufacturers in this country and Europe, has been broken by one of the manufacturing firms in New York, which has within a fortnight made a reduction in price of twenty-five cents an ounce. Further reduction is anticipated.

THE business failures occurring during the last week in the United States and Canada numbered 278, as compared with a total of 373 the previous week. There is a marked decrease in the number of failures all through the country, particularly in the Southern, Middle and New England States and on the Pacific Coast.

PRESIDENT ARTHUR issued an order on the 8th instant announcing in fitting terms the retirement of General Sherman. The General passed his forty-fourth birthday, on the date named, quietly at his home in St. Louis. He says that, although retiring from the head of the army, he feels as young as he did ten years ago, and that he will be ready in the near future to take up arms for his country if called upon.

THE Senate Committee on Commerce has reported a Shipping Bill which is intended to cover the whole ground of legislation on the subject in a single measure. It includes with some modifications on the main features of Mr. Dingley's four Bills introduced in the House, and is to be supplemented by a majority of the committee with a Bill providing for the registry of foreign-built vessels and the admision of shipbuilding materials free of duty.

THE Senate Judiciary Committee have agreed on the Lowell Bankruptcy Bill with amendments. It preserves State exemptions and authorizes involuntary proceedings only against traders whose debts amount to more than \$1,000. It diminishes the number of commissioners in bankruptcy by one-half. Many of the amendments suggested by the recent Bankruptcy Convention were adopted, greatly increasing the chances for the passage of the Bill.

Foreign.

BAKER PASHA has been superseded in his Egyptian command, and ordered to report at Cairo.

THE Powers are about to come to an agreement for carrying out the work of civilization begun in Central Africa by the King of the Belgians.

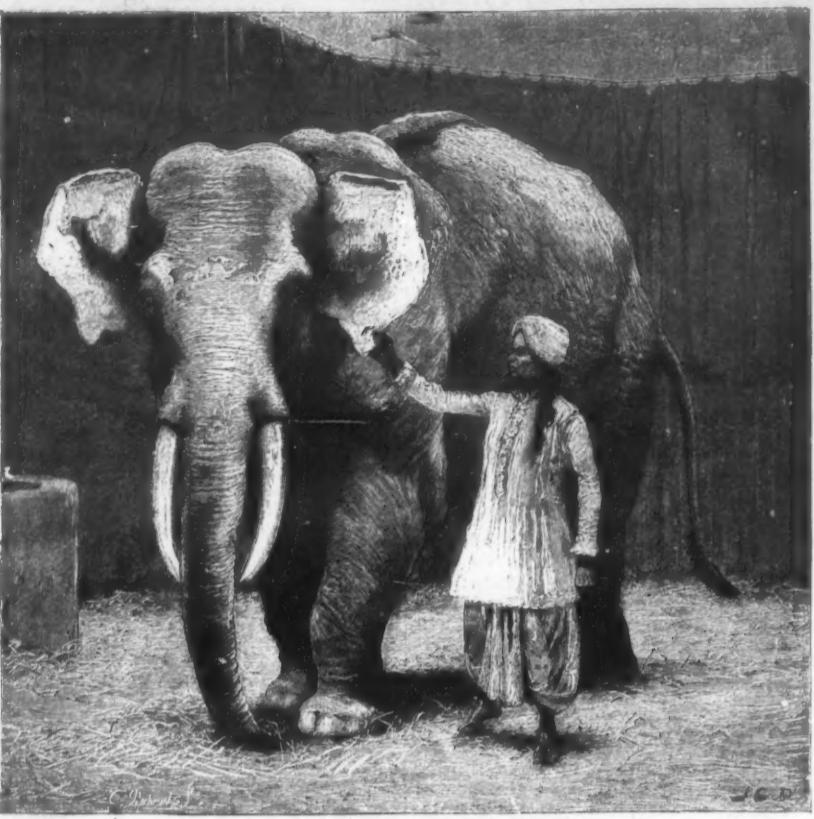
IN Madagascar the French are encountering fresh resistance from the natives. The French Government has received advice to the effect that M. de Brazza is making excellent progress in his African schemes. The report of his death, which gained currency recently, appears to have been unfounded.

ADVICES from the capital of the Portuguese provinces of Angola, West Africa, state that an attack had been made upon the whites by the Mucubas natives. During the fighting an explosion of gunpowder occurred, by which forty natives lost their lives. The English and Portuguese gunboats engaged in the sea.

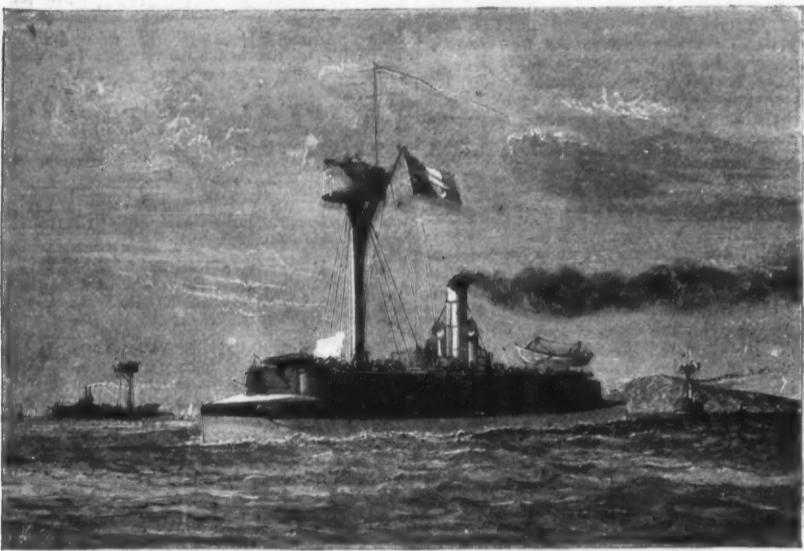
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.— SEE PAGE 407.



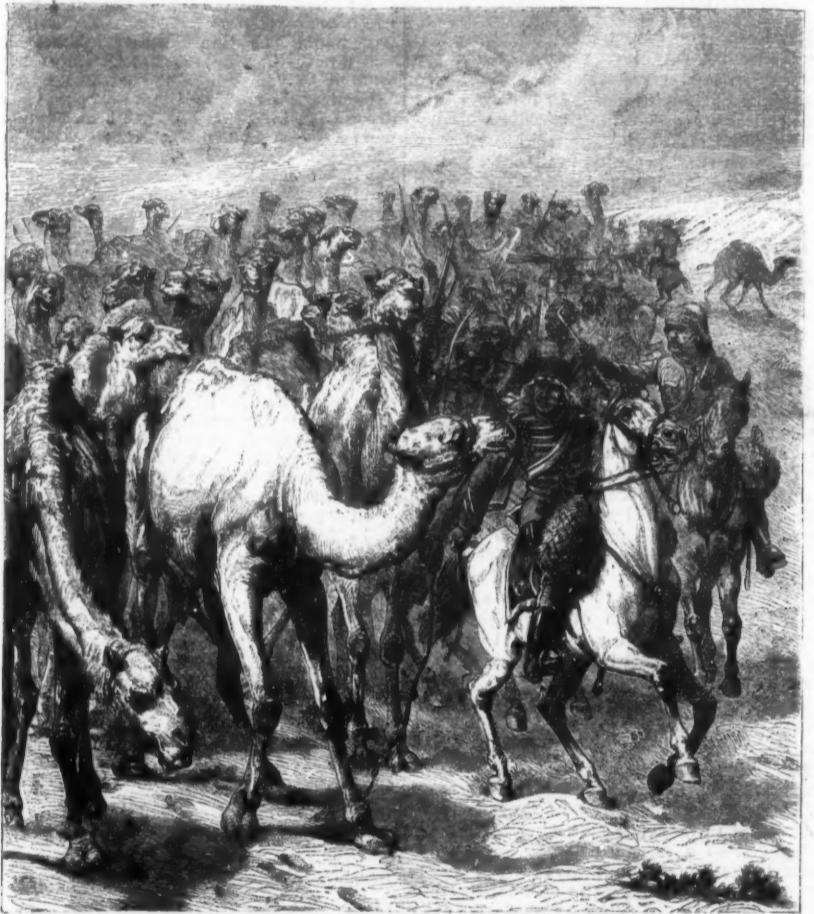
AUSTRALIA.—CONFERRING THE DEGREE UPON THE FIRST LADY BACHELOR OF ARTS
AT MELBOURNE UNIVERSITY.



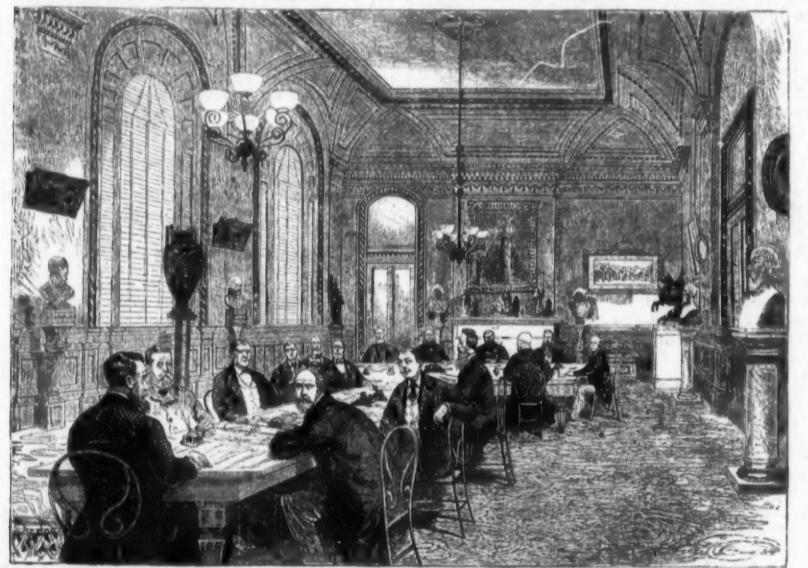
GREAT BRITAIN.—MR. BARNUM'S WHITE BURMESE ELEPHANT "TOUNG TALOUNG,"
NOW AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, LONDON.



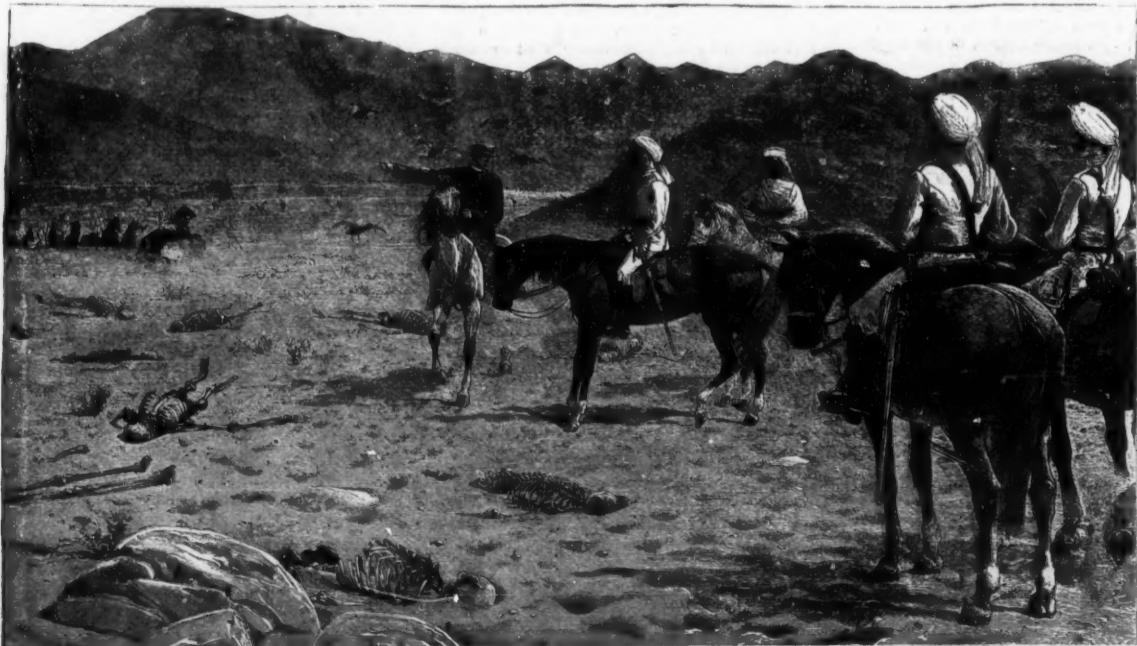
FRANCE.—THE "ARQUEBUSE," ONE OF THE NEW GUNBOATS OPERATING IN TONQUIN.



THE SUDAN.—CAPTURE OF THREE HUNDRED CAMELS BY GEN. SARTORIUS
IN A RECONNAISSANCE FROM SUAKIM.



AUSTRALIA.—MEETING OF THE FEDERATION CONVENTION AT SYDNEY.



THE SUDAN REBELLION.—A CAVALRY RECONNAISSANCE TO THE BATTLEFIELD WHERE EIGHT HUNDRED
LOYAL BLACK TROOPS WERE KILLED, DECEMBER 4TH.



MAJOR-GEN. CHARLES G. GORDON, C.B.
("CHINESE" GORDON).



ST. VALENTINE'S DAY AND ITS EXPERIENCES.

"LOVE IS EVER BUSY WITH HIS SHUTTLE; IS EVER WEAVING INTO LIFE'S DULL WARP BRIGHT GORGEOUS FLOWERS AND SCENES ARCADIAN."—Longfellow.

A VALENTINE.

MY little lady, 'tis so long—
Since I have sent a Valentine—
So long ago!
That what to tell thee in my song,
What fair things fit for ears of thine,
I scarcely know.

My fairy, if I had my way
Thy home should be a rose's heart—
A blush rose sweet;
And bees should come there every day
With humming gladness to impart
Their honeyed meat.

Thy bath should be the morning dew,
By iridescent hues made warm—
A fragrant shower.
A snowdrop or a harebell blue
Should clothe thy daintiness with charm
For every hour.

Ah, if I only knew the way
To take St. Valentine's disguise,
To thee, my dear,
I would yield service day by day
And bring Love's beauties to thine eyes
From year to year!

JOHN MORAN.

AT MRS. WASHINGTON'S RECEPTION.

A VALENTINE STORY.

BY ELIZABETH C. WINTER.

HE would see her again. That one thought filled the mind of Colonel Osgood. It was seven years since he had last looked upon her face—seven years! Not such a long time to some lovers. To Jacob, when he served for Rachel, it had seemed but a day; but then he saw his sweetheart constantly, and that must have made a difference. And not such a long time in some periods of the world's history; but in America, the years from 1782 to 1789 were surely of more than ordinary importance. Within those years a nation had been born, and other nations, older and quite grown up, stood watching her first efforts at walking alone.

But Colonel Osgood's mind was not occupied by any such grave and general subject of interest: the thought that engrossed him was something more private and personal, and its name was Letitia. Although he had not seen her during those seven years he had thought of her all the time, and he had heard of her often—always that she was more beautiful than ever, and once that she had married Josiah Whitney, a husband chosen for her by her father; and once again that Josiah Whitney was dead, and that the lonely widow—only nineteen and in weeds—was the toast of the town, and would soon be in bridal garb again. But on that point gossip had, apparently, outrun her own busy tongue, for Letitia Whitney was still a widow at twenty-three.

Colonel Osgood was to be present at Mrs. Washington's Reception, and he had learned that Mrs. Whitney would be there. It was the first reception given by the President's wife, in New York, and that of itself made it a somewhat important occasion; but the young officer only thought of meeting the girl who used to be called Letitia Bryrton. He might have called on her, for he knew she was the guest of Mrs. Bingham, the Philadelphia beauty, who was visiting New York for a brief time, for he had met Mrs. Bingham and knew that he would have been welcome by the hostess, at least, if not by the guest. But he thought he would not call—he fancied he could bear the first meeting better in a crowd. The circumstances attending his last meeting with Letitia were peculiar. His cheek burned and his ears tingled even now at the recollection. No, he could not call on Mrs. Whitney—nor on Mrs. Bingham, either, as matters then stood; it would be too much like the same thing. Perhaps, too, she might think a call too great a liberty—their acquaintance was so far in the past. She had been but a tall girl of seventeen, and he a tall boy of twenty, in those far-off days. She might easily regard him as a stranger and treat him so. It would be hard, but he must try and be prepared for it; and he felt sure he could bear it better in a crowd than—

Colonel Osgood's reflections had become strangely mixed, and his thoughts had drifted off to a quaint town outside of Boston, where, once upon a time, the squire's hired boy had loved and lost the squire's lovely daughter, though she had promised him, with many vows of constancy, that she would never, never, never marry old Josiah Whitney.

Tom Osgood was a handsome lad, and Miss Bryrton quite shared the sentiment of Cardinal Richelieu, as interpreted by Bulwer: "The mate for beauty should be a man, and not a money-chest." And when she used to meet Tom by the great elm-tree that marked the boundary-line between her father's land and Josiah Whitney's, it was to vow that her hand should never be made the link to join together those two fair domains.

But even in those days the bewitching Letty was a sad coquette.

She vowed she loved Tom dearly, and, with her little white hand in his brown one, walked with him beneath the shadow of the overhanging elm-branches, and solemnly declared that she would be his wife, if she ever married any man, a possibility she wished to make as remote as possible, for she always ended by protesting that she preferred her freedom, and intended to die an old maid.

And then, alas! she would, on the next Sunday, walk home from church with Lemuel Bronson, the artist, from Boston, who sketched her face then and there on the fly leaf of his prayer book. When Tom protested she bade him, with a toss of her lovely head, "not to be a jealous old goose," and then she laughed at

his woe-begone countenance, and promised she wouldn't do it again.

Nor did she—for on the next Sunday she walked home with Martin Latimer, who was studying for the ministry; and her eyes were cast down so demurely that she pretended not even to see the wild and jealous glare that shot from Tom's, as he opened the gate to admit her and her attendant swain. That night Tom made a desperate resolve. It was to quit Cambridge for ever, and never see Letitia again, until he had won a position and could meet her proudly as an equal.

"She is only laughing at me!" he thought, with bitterness. "What am I but her father's servant?—though as well born as herself, if I had my rights—what can there be between my master's fair daughter and the poor working-man who takes his wages? Oh, I am a fool—worse than a fool! I must have been mad all this while when I dreamed she loved me!"

Tom had been walking a long while, when he paused at length, and leaned against the great elm-tree. It was a clear moonlight night, and the air was soft and spring-like, although it was only the middle of February. But if it had been the blackest storm that ever raged he would scarce have known it; and although he paused now and leaned against the elm-tree, it was not from weariness, but because he had so often met Letitia there, and sometimes she had been so kind!

He sighed deeply, and said aloud: "If I could only see her once more to say good by."

The sigh was echoed by one more soft, but quite as sad. Tom started and moved forward, and from the other side of the tree some one advanced a step or two, and with a little impetuous rush was in his arms.

"Oh, Tom!" she cried.

"Letty!" cried Tom, and his arms closed around her, his lips found hers, though they had never traveled that way before, and for one blissful moment he thought he was in heaven.

Then she pushed him from her.

"For shame, sir! You take advantage of my kindness! No man ever kissed me till now—"

"And no other man ever shall kiss you! Oh, my Letty! Promise me that, darling."

"How can I promise anything—you hold me so close? I can scarcely breathe! Why have you been so cross?"

"Have I been cross, Letty?"

"Dreadfully. All this afternoon you haven't spoken to me, and when I tried to catch your eye you wouldn't even look at me."

"You know, Letty, you promised you wouldn't—"

"Wouldn't what, old goose? I promised not to walk home with Lemuel Bronson, and I didn't."

"But with another—that only made it worse! And there's always another, and another, and another! And so it will be—tomorrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow—"

"Goodness, don't quote 'Macbeth'! It's so unlucky! You know I must come home with somebody, dear Tom, only to escape Josiah Whitney. I can't come home with you. If father suspected he would send you away at once, and then you would never see me any more. Now, don't you see how unreasonable you are?"

"Yes, dearest, you are right. But I am going away—"

"And right quick, too! if I can assist your movements," and before he realized what had happened Tom was jerked by the shoulder, spun around like a teetotum, and, still held in the powerful grasp that had seized him, shaken till his teeth chattered and his eyes felt like dropping out of his head.

"And as for you, huzzy!" continued the same irate voice, in a tone of thunder. "how is it I find you here, holding hands with my servant? and, by Jove! if I may believe my eyes and ears, encouraging the fellow to make love to you?"

Miss Letitia had recognized her father, and Tom his master, Squire Bryrton, at the first tone of that unexpected voice. The young man was speechless, and with good reason, having almost had the breath shaken out of him. But the young lady, although nearly in the same condition from fear and surprise, rallied more quickly, and made an effort to defend herself.

"I came out to meet you, papa, for I knew you had walked over to Mr. Whitney's, and I met Tom here, quite by chance—"

"Silence, you minx!" thundered Squire Bryrton; "go home and go to bed. And as to you, sir, only that it would be making you too important, I'd have you before a magistrate for your presumption and the attempt to steal away my daughter. As it is, I'll give you such chastisement as your years and position entitle you to." And, suiting the action to the word, Squire Bryrton soundly boxed Tom's ears.

The lad uttered a cry of surprise and rage; and, though a mere stripling at the time, he tore himself out of the grasp of Squire Bryrton, and looked wildly about for some means of avenging the indignity.

A limb of the tree, which had been partly broken by a recent storm, hung over his head. He grasped it, and, with a powerful wrench, twisted and tore it off; then, wielding it with both arms, he swung it aloft and came towards the astonished gentleman, who stood staring, too much amazed to see his danger. Fortunately, the blow did not fall; for Tom, though but a lad, was taller, then, than the squire, and if the improvised weapon had fallen as directed it would have cleaved the squire's head like a battleax. Letty, who knew her lover better than her father did, and had realized his danger instantly, shrieked with terror, and flung herself on his breast.

"Don't strike him, Tom!—dear Tom! Remember he is my father."

It required all Tom's strength and quickness to turn aside the impending blow, but it was turned, somewhat to the detriment of his

wrists, that were half-sprained by the effort, as he flung the heavy limb several feet away.

Then, pale as death, he stood before Squire Bryrton, his arms folded across his chest, and breathing heavily.

"Sir," he said, in a low, husky voice, "you have put on me an insult which I can wipe out in only one way—I forgive you! But, if you were not the father of the girl I love, I would kill you!"

Squire Bryrton was no coward, but at that moment he felt almost glad that Tom was in love with Letty. He laughed in a rather forced way.

"Ho, ho, ho!" he roared. "Ha, ha, ha! There's a fine to-do about boxing the ears of a saucy boy! Get along home, sir, and attend to your business."

"I take no orders from you, sir," answered Tom. "I shall never enter your doors again. Letty," he continued, turning to Miss Bryrton, and then he stopped, perplexed, for it was useless to ask for another meeting, and impossible to say good-by then or there. She looked at him, and their eyes met in a long, troubled gaze; but the squire was not disposed to stand any such nonsense as that. He caught his daughter's hand and tucked it under his arm, and then he swung her round till she faced towards home.

"Come, miss," he said, "we've had enough of this—it's time long since that you were in bed and asleep."

Tom would have rushed after her, but it would have been worse than useless. She uttered some wild, inarticulate cry, and all in a moment the lover's saint inspired him.

"Letty," he called out, in a clear, distinct voice. "To-morrow is Valentine's Day—remember!"

Quick as a flash of light Letty turned and kissed her hand to him, and he knew that she had understood him.

That night Tom penned a long letter to Letty—it was to be her valentine—and every word that was tender and lover-like went into it. At the last he begged her to meet him once more at the trysting-place, and he named the day and the hour. Again and again he kissed the paper that was to go to her dear hands, and then he folded it up and sealed it fast. It was long past midnight, then, and he was miles away, for he had already sought the house of a friend, where he had been welcomed warmly. But late as it was Tom could not sleep, so he walked those many miles back again, and placed his valentine in the tree of the old elm tree, in a hollow place that had often served the lovers as a post-office, when they had been forced to say by letter more than they could find opportunity to say in speech.

As Colonel Osgood's thoughts turned backwards, the years rolled away like a mist; and clearer than the things of yesterday he saw his younger self standing by the elm-tree, night after night, keeping the tryst to which Letty never came. How clearly he saw the pale, sad face, and how bitterly he felt the old ache in his heart and the old tears in his eyes for the boy's disappointment.

He drew a long sigh and murmured: "But she never came. She could not have loved me; yet here am I, after all these years, loving her just the same. And to night, in a few hours, I will see her again. And who knows? perhaps she will tell me yet why she didn't answer my valentine."

The clock struck then, and the hour was later than Colonel Osgood had supposed—he stopped dreaming and hurried away to make his toilet. When it was over, and he took a farewell glance at himself, beamed and wondered whether Mrs. Whitney would remember him, for indeed, there was some difference between that vision of elegance and the rustic boy, Tom Osgood. It had been the colonel's intention to be among the first arrivals, but when he was ushered in he found the room already crowded.

The President and Mrs. Washington stood side by side to receive their guests. The President wore a costume of black velvet, with black silk stockings. His powdered hair was tied with a plain black ribbon; his large and shapely hands were incased in yellow gloves; and the only ornament noticeable on his person was a pair of very elegant silver buckles to his shoes. Mrs. Washington was dressed with equal simplicity. Her gown of fawn colored satin was a modest length and would scarcely be called a demi-train in these days. It fitted quite perfectly, and was held with a belt at the waist. The sleeves reached to the elbow, where they were finished with a lace ruffle, and a kerchief of India mull was crossed upon the bust, where it was fastened with a small brooch of brilliants. Above her snowy hair, parted simply on her brow, she wore the pretty mob-cap that must always be associated with her name. Her lace mitts reached upwards to the elbows, and downwards to the middle of her white and delicate hands, leaving the slender fingers uncovered, save for some rare and sparkling rings. She smiled very graciously when Colonel Osgood bowed low before her—the colonel was a hero, as well as the handsomest of all the younger men in the room—and Mrs. Washington appreciated gallantry and also good looks.

Colonel Osgood's costume was of plum-colored velvet, with superb purple silk stockings. He wore his own beautiful dark hair powdered, and tied with a ribbon of purple satin; his gloves were a delicate primrose, and his slender feet, in high-heeled shoes, displayed, across the arched instep, diamond buckles in silver setting. He carried his three-cornered hat beneath his arm; he bowed with courtly grace; the glance of his large brown eyes was at once soft, thrilling and penetrating; and the smile of his perfect mouth was quite irresistible—while, under all this goodly outside, his heart thumped so loud against his ribs, that he was much in dread lest some one should hear it.

He passed on and was lost in the crowd,

where he learned that, late as he was, Mrs. Whitney had not yet come. The thumping of his heart ceased then, and its high hopes sank lower and lower as he began to fear that he might not, after all, see the lady of his love. Just then there was a little stir about the lower part of the room, succeeded by a hum of admiration in which the new arrival's name was lost, and Tom saw Letty courtesying to the President and Mrs. Washington.

He knew her instantly. Her eyes, her smile, her dazzling teeth, her enchanting expression were all the same, but never, in his rosiest dreams, had she appeared so beautiful.

Perhaps it was partly the costume, and partly the occasion, but for a moment Tom felt blinded as if he had looked upon the sun; then he steadied his gaze and looked at her, with all his soul in his eyes, taking in each smallest detail of her appearance, and feeling that he could never see anything again after that vision of loveliness. The Summer sky might have suffered in comparison with the blue of her eyes, and the blush-rose would have faded against her complexion. She wore her own fair hair, unpowdered, combed over a cushion in front, but falling in heavy curls of glistening gold over the back of her neck and shoulders, while little waving rings of it, that had escaped the hair-dresser's art, clung around her snowy temples and nestled round the shell-pink ears. Her square-cut bodice and elbow sleeves showed the dazzling white of her neck and arms; her skirt of silver brocade opened over a petticoat of lilac satin, that was sown with pearls and lace, and beneath the hem of it peeped out the prettiest pair of feet that ever wore No. 2 slippers, of pointed toes and high scarlet heels. When she courtesied there was a fine view of those saucy slippers, and a fleeting glimpse of a charming ankle. It was a most elaborate courtesy, too, and for grace and elegance would have done honor to the Court of St. James. As she rose from it, like a swan cresting her head before she takes the water again after some moments' pause, Mrs. Whitney floated on till she found her gaze caught and held by another gaze that seemed to have lost the power to see anything except herself. For one moment she met that traced regard with a glance placid as a Summer brook, then the blush-rose of her cheek turned to carmine, a light more dazzling than her beauty flamed up in her eyes, and a single word leaped from her eager, parted lips:

"Tom!" she cried.

"Letty!" he whispered.

But at that she froze, and gave him a stately bow.

"Colonel Osgood," she continued, in a cold, composed voice, "it is long since we met. I did not know you at first."

But it was too late for that tone. Tom had seen and heard enough to prove that she had not forgotten him, and to understand that some strong reason had kept her from the trysting place.

"I'll not be spoken to in this way, Letty," he said: "and I won't call you Mrs. Whitney, nor shall you call me Colonel Osgood."

She looked at him strangely, and in a wondering, absent way she murmured:

"Why, Tom?"

"Yes, you shall call me that, Letty, and then—"

"Hush!" said Mrs. Whitney, with gentle imperiousness, and a swift look around.

Their brief colloquy had lasted but a minute, yet many glances were already directed toward them, and meaning smiles, and there was some whispering, the drift of which they could easily imagine.

"This is not the time or place for private talk," Mrs. Whitney said, in a low tone, but there was no displeasure in her eyes or voice. "I am so glad to have met you again, Colonel Osgood. I am visiting Mrs. Bingham—you know her? for I have heard her speak of you. She will be at home to-morrow."

Then they were parted, for the room was growing more crowded, and there were many friends of Mrs. Whitney present, all of whom claimed a share of her attention.

It was in vain that Tom tried to speak with her again; he could not get near enough to trust his voice, or, if he did, she was surrounded by strangers. But once or twice he caught her eye, and the warm light that beamed from it set his heart thumping again. Did she love him still? Had she, perhaps, always loved him? And what could have been the reason?

At that moment the company began to depart.

Mrs. Washington had no hesitation in warning her guests—when they needed it—that the General kept early hours, and at such times it was so plain that "the general's wife is now the general," few persons required a second hint.

Tom made his adieu with a celerity that ought to have charmed his hostess, and hastened to get a position where he could watch for Mrs. Whitney. But despite his best speed he only succeeded in catching a glimpse of the silver brocade as she disappeared within her sedan-chair and drew the curtains. Before he could push his way through the crowd outside, he saw the bearers, a couple of tall negroes in livery, lift

"Oh, Letty—one word!" he gasped, quite breathless.

"Tom! You here? How imprudent to compromise me so! Oh, pray, go away! Do—"

"Compromise you? Heaven forbid! Just one word, dear Letty—it would explain so much. You got my valentine?"

"What valentine?"

"That I put in the tree—you remember?"

"Did you *really*, Tom? I never got it. Oh, you poor, dear Tom!—it must have been stolen—good-by, love, good night! Come to-morrow?" With a caressing glance from her sweet eyes, and a tender pressure of his hand, Letty drew her own from his warm clasp, and ran up stairs, leaving him outside the closed door.

"She never got my letter," he thought. "That explains everything."

It was the earliest hour that etiquette permitted when Tom called on Mrs. Bingham the following day. He was admitted, however, and made welcome. A silver tankard of punch stood on the table, and the beauty of Philadelphia touched her own lips to the glass she handed him.

Tom was very gay, though he had passed a sleepless night; and, being happy himself, he did his best to enliven his hostess, who was clearly out of spirits, and regretted, in plain words, that she had left her own home.

"Did she not like New York?" Tom asked.

"Indeed she did not nor its people—particularly the ladies," Mrs. Bingham, declared. "There was more wit and wisdom in a day of Philadelphia than in a month of New York. It she might judge from what she had so far seen. "But, indeed," she added, with her charming smile, "it was only to enjoy the company of her dear Mrs. Whitney that she had consented to come, and now she was gone."

"Gone?"

Tom uttered an exclamation and overturned his scarcely tasted glass of punch.

"Has any ill fortune come to Mrs. Whitney?" he stammered.

"I'll enough!" thought Mrs. Bingham. "Dear Letty had found letters last night apprising her that her only child was sick and in great danger; and she had started post haste, before daylight, for her own home."

Tom never could tell in what form he took his leave, nor could he remember anything else that his hostess said to him. But it was a long time before Mrs. Bingham could be brought to think of him except as a very rude, ill-mannered person, whom she had once mistaken for a gentleman.

Lost again, and at the very moment when he seemed more nearly won than ever before. Tom Osgood paced his room and almost tore his hair in despair. What could he do? Write to her and explain everything?—a plague on writing and on letters! He had trusted to that once, and where had it left him?

No, he would follow her. He had never thought to see Cambridge again—when he left it, he had hoped and intended it was for ever—but now he began to feel sure he had long felt a yearning desire to revisit the dear old town.

A soldier is soon ready for a journey. Colonel Osgood made such good use of his time that, notwithstanding the terrific storm which overtook him on the way, he reached Cambridge just twenty-four hours after Letitia had gained her home, to find her child out of danger and convalescent.

Tom had ridden out from Boston and left his horse at the inn. Then, as it was still very early, he walked out to pass away the time and to note the changes which had taken place in his absence. And his feet had strayed into the old path and brought him to the trysting place almost before he knew it.

But what was this? The storm had wrought sad havoc here, and the great old elm, broken off near the roots, lay all its length along the ground. Another and a fairer sight was there, too, and one strangely familiar. It was a tall, slender figure, wrapped in a scarlet cloak, the hood of which was drawn forward almost concealing the face, though the eyes that gleamed from under its shadow were riveted upon the remains of a letter, old, torn and worn—a letter which would have been a little the worse from age, anyway, but was now wet, sodden, almost illegible from the rain that had soaked into it.

Tom meant to have watched her unseen, but he trod on a twig of the fallen tree that snapped under his foot, and she looked up with a start that threw back the hood and sent all her shower of golden hair falling around her neck. She blushed divinely, but neither looked away nor cast down her eyes.

"I came to find my valentine," she said, with her old-time, saucy laugh. "But you must help me to read it, Tom. You were always a wretched penman, and what with the bad writing, the ravages of time and the storm, I can't make out a line of it."

"Let it go, poor old letter! Look into my eyes, Letty, darling, you can read the valentine that is written there, and which no time or storm can ever blot out."

He knelt right there at her feet, and would have taken the storm-beaten paper from her hand, but she thrust it into the folds of her bodice and placed her hands above it.

"No, you must not have it—leave it there. My heart will read it if my eyes can't. And now, tell me, how could you go and leave me so, Tom?"

"In that letter, darling, I told you I was about to join Washington's army, and I begged you, if you truly loved me, to meet me once more before I went, but you never came."

"A dozen times I came and searched for the valentine I hoped to get from you. In some way it must have slipped far down, beyond the reach of my hand. But for the storm I never would have found it. Still, Tom, you were cruel to doubt me; you ought to have known I did not get it."

"Ah, Letty, you ought to have known I had not gone without leaving you some message, and yet you married Josiah Whitney."

"I couldn't do otherwise, Tom. At first I accused father of taking your letter from the tree: but when he swore, on mother's Bible, that he knew nothing of it, I had to believe him. He was in debt to Mr. Whitney—his property was mortgaged and about to be sold—and I was so unhappy! I thought you didn't love me; the memory of your kiss burned my lips with shame! and I used to go to the old elm-tree every day to look for your valentine. Oh, Tom, you might forgive me!"

"Forgive you, sweetheart—for what?"

"For not marrying you."

"But that can be remedied."

"How, dear Tom?"

"By marrying me now."

"Oh, you dear old Tom! And so I will, love. I'll marry you on Saint Valentine's Day."

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

A Lady Bachelor of Arts.

The University of Melbourne has recently graduated its first lady Bachelor of Arts, Miss Bella Guerin. This lady was educated at Ballarat College, and matriculated at the University in 1881, when females were first admitted to enter for the ordinary examinations for degrees. Her first examination, which embraced five subjects, two of which were compulsory, was passed in the October term of 1881, and her second, which also comprised five subjects, in the October term of the following year. Final examinations took place last November, all of which were successfully passed, and Miss Guerin closed a brilliant and successful University career by graduating as a Bachelor of Arts on the 1st of December last. She wore, on the occasion, the orthodox cap and gown, and the Vice-Chancellor, in conferring the degree, expressed his great gratification at being privileged to admit the first lady P. A. to the University.

French Gunboats in Tonquin.

The *Argonne* is one of the eight gunboats ordered to repair to Tonquin. She was handed to the Government on the 10th of January, and her trial on the Loire has proved most satisfactory. She is thirty metres long, nearly six metres broad, and draws one metre and a quarter. She is armed with revolving guns, one of which is mounted in a turret at the top of a mast and protected by four-inch steel plates. Her engines are 140 horse-power. She carries coal enough to drive her one thousand miles at the rate of eight knots an hour, but she can travel at a higher rate of speed. All her mountings are of steel, while her armor-plates have been tested at long and short ranges, the outcome of the tests proving her to be in every way a seaworthy and very formidable vessel.

The Australian Federation.

We give on page 404 an illustration of the meeting of the Australian Federation Conference at Sydney in November last. The conference was in session for a fortnight, and discussed at length the questions of the formation of a Federal Council, of annexation in the Southern Pacific, etc. As to the last resolution was adopted: "That further acquisition of dominion in the Pacific, south of the equator, by any foreign power would be highly detrimental to the safety and well-being of the British possessions in Australia, and injurious to the interests of the Empire." A resolution affirming the importance of annexing New Guinea was also carried. The convention adopted a resolution that the time has come for the establishment of a National Council, and the draft of a Bill was submitted and approved of in detail. This may be regarded as a most important step towards the federation of the Australian colonies, and it approved by the various Parliaments, but little more will be required to render federation an accomplished fact.

Mr. Barnum's White Elephant.

The "sacred white elephant" recently secured by Mr. Barnum's agents in Siam, has arrived safely in London, and for the present occupies the apartment formerly tenanted by Jumbo in the Zoological Gardens. The creature is seven feet six inches high, and of piebald color. His face, ears, the front of his trunk, his front feet and part of his breast, are of a plumbish flesh-color; the rest of his body is of a light-ashen hue. His tusks are remarkably fine. He is still in his boyhood, so to speak, being but fifteen years old. His mahout, or attendant, is a half-breed Burmese, who dresses in full national costume. In his own country the elephant was called Toungh Taloung, but the sailors on board the *Tenasserim*, which transported him to England, modified the name into "Old Tongue." He was rechristened Buddha. There is no breed of white elephants. They are albinos—freaks of nature—rarely born. It is believed in Siam that the bodies of these white elephants are tenanted by the spirit of Buddha and those of former kings and princes; hence the animals are held to be sacred. As an attendant in the Zoological Gardens remarked to a lady, who expressed disappointment in the color of the new arrival, "He's not werry white, perhaps, but, then, you see, he's werry sacred." The white elephant will probably be exhibited in Paris before coming to this country, as his owners dare not trust him on the Atlantic before the month of June.

The War in the Soudan.

The disaster to the army of Baker Pasha on the 4th instant seems to have been scarcely less serious than that of the 8th of December last, when 800 black troops were defeated and annihilated some fifteen miles distant from Suakin. General Baker was advancing from Trinkitat in the direction of Tokar, having 3,500 troops, poorly armed and disciplined, when he was assailed by a body of Arab horsemen. His cavalry almost instantly fled. He then formed a square, which the enemy surrounded. The rest of the Egyptians then fled in confusion, and the gunners deserted their guns. Baker Pasha was severely times surrounded by the enemy, but with his staff managed to cut his way through and escaped to Trinkitat, with the loss of 2,000 men killed and wounded, and all his cannon, camels and baggage. One account says that "the slaughter of his forces continued all the way back to Trinkitat. The Egyptians were panic stricken and fell upon their knees, but their appeals for mercy were fruitless. The Arabs seized them by the necks, thrust their spears into their backs and savagely cut their throats. The fugitives huddled together on the shore at Trinkitat, and might easily have been slaughtered, but the enemy abandoned the pursuit." The battlefield of the 8th of December, of which we give a picture, was lately revisited by a detachment of Egyptian troops, who found several bodies lying on the ground, the skin having dried up, showing in some instances the wound which the spear had inflicted. The ground was stony, with a few stunted shrubs, and intersected by deep water-tracks which had no doubt enabled the rebels to surround the black troops unseen. We also give a picture of the bringing into Suakin of 300 camels recently captured by Major-general Sartorius in a successful reconnaissance from that post.

General "Chinese" Gordon.

Major-general Charles G. Gordon, popularly known as "Chinese" Gordon, now on his way to Khartoum with a view of "adjusting" matters with El Mahdi, is of Scotch ancestry. He was educated at Woolwich, and, entering the Royal Engineers, passed through the Crimean War, after which he was Assistant Commissioner for ascertaining the new Russian frontiers of Bessarabia and Armenia. In 1860 he served in the Chinese War, and remained in command of the Royal Engineers at Tien-Tsin. The Chinese Government, when pressed by the Tai-ping rebels, asked for a British officer to command their newly raised force; and Major Gordon was recommended. His extraordinary success in disciplining the Chinese soldiers, defeating vastly superior numbers, defending and relieving several large cities, and finally driving away the enemy, is written of in history. He crushed the Tai-ping rebellion, and saved the Chinese Empire. In 1874 Gordon took service with Ismail Pasha in Egypt, and succeeded Sir Samuel Baker as Governor of the tribes in Upper Egypt. His career in Egypt, although it was characterized by less actual fighting, is even more interesting than his career in China. He carried on and extended the work which Baker had begun, making his name and that of the Khedive respected by all the tribes and by all the neighboring states. He abolished slavery, and, difficult as was the task, he compelled the slave-dealers to respect the law. He was beloved by the people, and was spoken of by them as the "little Khedive." On the appointment of the Marquis of Ripon in 1879 as Governor-general of India, Gordon accepted an appointment under him; but he did not remain in India. He has since been in China, and it is known that his advice was taken in regard to the army. Latterly he has spent some time in Palestine, having become deeply interested in the Jordan Canal. It is well known, when the present command was given to him, he had just been requested by the King of the Belgians to take command of an expedition on the Congo. He is a man of extremely independent character, enthusiastic in every good work, despising rank, money, fame, praise and worldly advancement. His age is fifty-four years.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

It is said that Minister Halderman is shortly to be promoted from Siam to an important European mission.

The health of Mr. Spurgeon, the noted London preacher, is restored, and he has resumed his pulpit labors.

HIS MAJESTY CHULALONKORN I., King of Siam, is a paying subscriber to FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, and reads it regularly.

Oscar Wilde's fiancée, Miss Lloyd, who will go into history as the only genuine *Bunthorne's Bride*, is reported not only pretty and talented, but rich.

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE KROM MUN NAVET, the Siamese Ambassador to England and the United States, is accompanied by his wife and two children.

PAULSEN, the Norwegian skater, in a recent exhibition in Brooklyn, covered twenty-five miles in one hour, thirty-two minutes and seventeen seconds, lowering the best previous record nearly twenty-seven minutes.

EX-DICTATOR PIEROLA, of Peru, passed through New York last week, en route from Paris to Lima, where a month hence he is to take the seat to which he has been elected in the National Assembly of Peru. During his short stay here he was entertained by ex-Mayor Grace.

It is announced that the African explorer O'Neill has arrived at Mozambique. He has traversed 1,400 miles of hitherto unexplored country. O'Neill discovered Lake Amurambu, which he declared to be the true source of the Piena River. On his return he followed the valley of Lake Loango which he describes as well peopled.

THE venerable and greatly beloved Bishop Pieros, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, celebrated his golden wedding at the residence of his son, in Hammond County, Ga., February 4th. Bishop Pieros is the son of the celebrated Lovic Pieros, who began preaching in Georgia in 1804, and whose death occurred only two years ago.

MR. LOUIS J. JENNINGS, formerly a prominent New York editor, and more recently London correspondent of the *World*, is the author of "The Millionaire," a novel of great brilliancy and power which has been running in *Blackwood's Magazine* for the past few months. There can be no doubt that the person whom the novelist had in mind when drawing the prominent character of *Dexter File* is the railway and telegraph magnate, Mr. Jay Gould.

In the death of Penneil Combe a familiar landmark of old-fashioned Methodism suddenly disappears. For nearly half a century he had been a quaint and picturesque figure in the pulpits of the Philadelphia Conference. He was neither brilliant nor profound, but as a talker he was a terror to all with whom he differed, and he was never so happy as when disputing, although in a friendly way—for his nature was kindly in the extreme—with some less determined man.

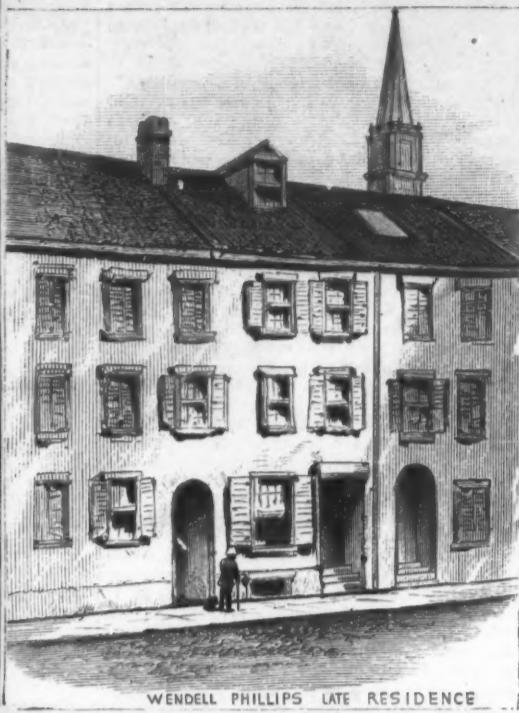
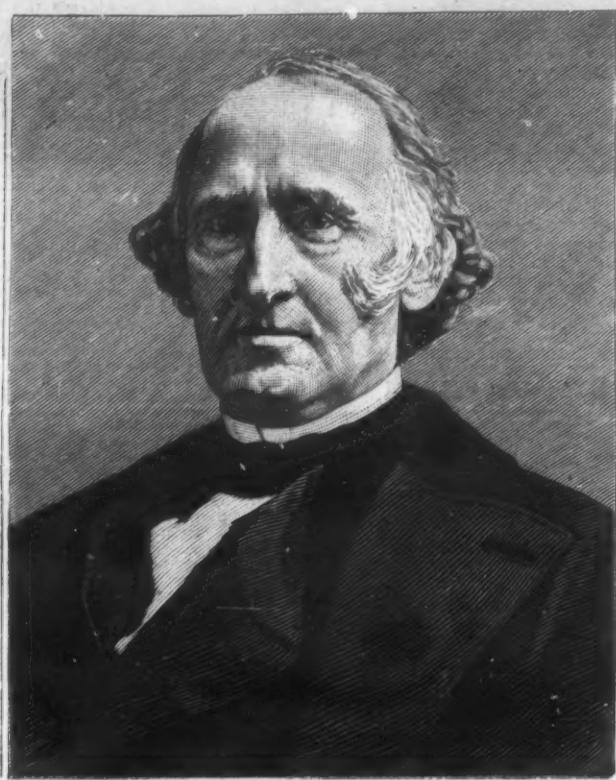
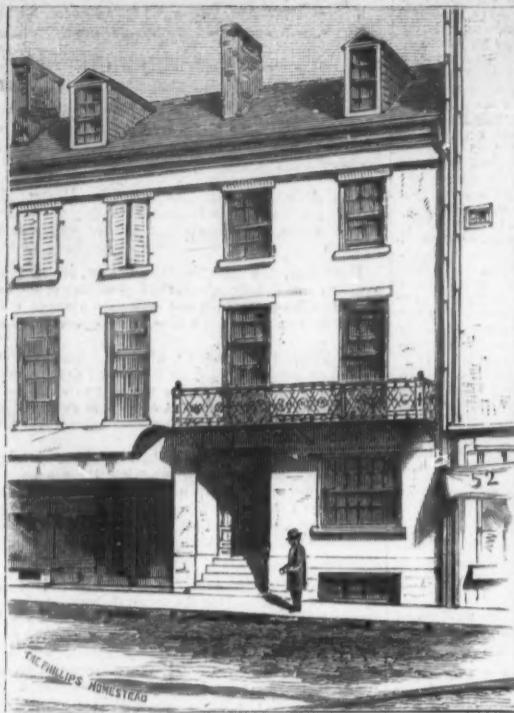
THE supposed Queen of Tahiti, now making a tour of the United States, announces herself in New York as Mrs. Eupau Salmon, a first cousin of the Queen. An indefatigable interviewer who sought her out, describes her as "a small, dark complexioned lady, with black, glossy hair, brushed straight away from her forehead, and fastened in a *negligé* knot at the back of her head." Her dress was not a mere waistband and earings, "but a loose, flowing blue serge gown, made in the Mother Hubbard fashion. A tiny white lace collar was the only relief to this somewhat sombre garment, and a single white pearl, of more than ordinary size, kept the collar in its place. A green plaid shawl, evidently designed more for warmth than for style, was thrown over the lady's shoulders."

THE late Edward Niederer, of Memphis, was a peculiar character, well known throughout the Southern States. He was a captain under Walker in the celebrated Nicaragua expedition, served in the Confederate Department of the Confederate Army, and in 1863 was sent on a secret mission to Europe. On his return he was made captain of the Secret Service, and opened a saloon in Memphis as a bistro. Though shrewd and intelligent, he made the invariable impression that he was a fool. This made him peculiarly fitted for the work given him during the war. In former days he was one of the best poker players in the South, at one time, now recalled, betting \$10,000 on a hand. At these games his face was absolutely immovable. He rarely lost, and was lucky enough during his life to draw three capital prizes in a lottery.

THE late M. Rouher, the prominent Bonapartist, was perhaps best known to Americans for his support of the attempt of Napoleon to erect an empire in Mexico, which resulted in the death of the Austrian Archduke Maximilian and the insanity of his unfortunate consort, Carlotta. The scheme, when announced in the French Legislature, was attacked by both Republicans and Monarchists, but Imperialist Rouher met every objection and glorified the expedition, "the grandest idea of the reign." Worst of all, Rouher had to bear the brunt of its failure, caused by the positive attitude of this country and its enforcement of the Monroe doctrine, and had to explain to his opponents why the Government left Maximilian to his fate and recalled its soldiers. After the young Prince Imperial met his death by a Zulu assegai, Rouher called his friends together and announced that his life work was finished.

MRS. LISKA VON STAMWITZ, who will be remembered by all theatre-goers who saw her four years ago in her beautiful personation of "Messalina, the Roman Empress," and "Leah, the Forsaken," has returned to the boards, and is now playing at the Madison Square Theatre. Both the lady and the management are to be congratulated. Liska von Stamwitz, with her handsome, impressive stage presence, her fine, expressive face, her undoubted taste in dress, and her acknowledged genius in portraying strange characters has always been justly a favorite with our theatre-going public, and when a temporary illness made it necessary for her to quit the stage, there was a genuine feeling of regret. The part of the *Countess*, which she now performs, is somewhat out of her line, but as it was the only one in the charming play of "Alpine Rose" which the management could allot to her, she accepted it and plays it with fire and vim, and with such fluency and elegance, as to delight all her audiences.

A RECENT Rome letter has this description of the Pope: "Presently the awe-struck whisper was heard—'The Pope, and I found myself biding low and making the sign of the cross with the others, like any devout Romanist, as seated in a richly gilded chair, borne upon the shoulders of sixteen men who were attired in rich costumes of maroon silk and surrounded by his personal attendants, Pope Leo XIII., the head of the Roman Catholic Church throughout the world, made his appearance. He was dressed in magnificent robes of maroon velvet worked with gold and decorated with precious stones, and upon his head a mitre so thickly studded with jewels that the ground work was almost indistinguishable. On either side of the chair walked a young priest bearing aloft upon a gilded rod an immense fan of white ostrich plumes. The Pope made a sign of the cross first on one side and then on the other, over the heads of the people, and was slowly carried to his throne, to which he was assisted by his attendants."



MASSACHUSETTS.—OBSEQUIES OF THE LATE WENDELL PHILLIPS IN BOSTON, FEBRUARY 6TH—SCENES AT FANEUIL HALL AND THE OLD GRANARY BURYING-GROUND.—FROM SKETCHES BY C. BUNNELL—SEE PAGE 411.



PENNSYLVANIA.—THE RECENT DISASTROUS RIVER FLOODS—SCENE ON THE YOUGIOGHENY: THE HOMESTEAD WASHED AWAY.—See Page 412.

DOROTHY FORSTER.

By WALTER BESANT,

AUTHOR OF "IN A GARDEN FAIR," "ALL SORTS AND CONDITIONS OF MEN," "THE CHAPLAIN OF THE FLEET," ETC., ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES GREEN.

CHAPTER VII.—(CONTINUED).

THE morning of the day when I was first to see Lord Derwentwater broke cold and rainy. But as the day advanced the clouds blew over, and we had that rare thing in February—a bright, cloudless and sunny day. What mattered a cold wind and a sharp frost? Northumberland, the brave old county, would 'ow her best despite the Winter season. I was glad and thankful that such a day had been vouchsafed for my lord's return, nothing doubting but that his heart, too, would be uplifted on seeing his own woods and towers lying in the light of such a sun and such a clear blue sky.

We observed no order or time in setting forth. Some of the younger gentlemen mounted after breakfast and rode off along the road to Newcastle, intending to meet my Lord's party early; others went off leisurely, proposing to halt at Dilston, two miles or so from Hexham. We, for our part, waited till after dinner, judging that the Earl would not arrive before three o'clock at earliest.

"Mr. Patten, whom I disliked from the first, perhaps because Mr. Hilyard regarded him with so much aversion, rode with us. That is to say, he rode beside Mr. Hilyard and behind us, but as if he belonged to our party. This is the way with those who desire to increase their own importance; they pretend to friendship with one man in order to obtain the patronage of another. By riding with Mr. Forster, the man Patten gave himself an excuse for welcoming a nobleman with whom he had no manner of concern or business.

When we had ridden past the bridge at Dilston, where there was a great concourse of people waiting, we left Mr. Patten behind, but we were joined by old Mr. Errington, of Beaufort, a wise and prudent gentleman, whose counsels ought to have guided the party five years later, but he was overruled. We naturally talked of the young earl.

"I am very sure, Tom," said Mr. Errington, "that we have in my Lord a pillar of strength. He will be to the loyal gentlemen of the North as much as the Duke of Argyll was to the Whigs of Scotland. I have it on the best of authority that, although brought up in France, he is an Englishman; though a Catholic, like myself, he is as zealous for liberty as you can be; an adherent to the Prince, yet one who desires not violence, but rather the return of the nation to common sense and loyalty; one who will conciliate and bind all of us together, so that we shall become a solid party, and in the end triumph even in the House of Commons."

This, in the year 1710, was the earnest prayer of all moderate men and those who had much to lose.

"With submission, sir," said Mr. Hilyard, "I would ask what advices your honor hath received respecting the temper of London?"

"Nothing, Mr. Hilyard, but what is good. The Queen is well disposed towards her brother; the Tories are confident; there is talk of a peace; the Whigs and Dissenters are terrified. But our time may not come yet."

"The will of London," said Mr. Hilyard, "is the will of the nation."

"And, if fight we must," Tom cried, "the Earl can raise a thousand men."

"We shall not fight," said Mr. Errington. "We will have a bloodless revolution, such a Restoration as that of King Charles the Second, when he rode from Dover to London through a lane of rejoicing faces. I know not, Mr. Hilyard, that London is so powerful as you would have us believe. But already the country is with us, and the clergy, as in duty bound. And the most that either party can say of the towns is that they are divided. As for us, we know very well, and do not disguise from ourselves, that in the present temper of the people, the Prince, when he returns, must choose his ministers and advisers, not from ourselves, but from his Protestant supporters. Lord Derwentwater may remain his sovereign's private friend, but can never become a member of his Government. It is to you, Tom, and such as you, that the King must turn."

"It is what I am always telling Mr. Forster," said Mr. Hilyard.

So we rode along slowly, for the way is none of the best, in such discourse until about three o'clock or so, and a mile or two beyond Dilston we heard a great shouting and pricking our horses, we presently came upon a party of those who had ridden on before. They were now drawn up in a double line, and beyond this, his hat in his hand, my lord himself rode in advance of his party to meet his friends. No prince or sovereign in Europe but would have been moved and gratified by so noble a reception as the young nobleman received from the gentleman who had thus ridden forth to meet him.

The path at this place is but a beaten track over the turf and level ground south of the river, which is here broad and shallow, with islets and long tongues of sand; there was an old angler in mid-stream, with rod and fly, careless (or perhaps he was deaf) of what this great shouting might mean which he seemed not to hear. The ground is flat and covered with a rough coarse grass; southward rise the gentle hills, clothed with the woods which everywhere, except on the moors and the Cheviot, enrich the landscape of Northumberland, and form its boast. It was on this field that we received my lord.

It is nearly five-and-twenty years ago. If Lord Derwentwater were living he would now

be a man of forty-six, still in the full force and vigor of his manhood. Would he still remember (but he must) that afternoon in February when, with his hat off, and the setting sun full in his face, making it shine like the face of Moses on the Mountain, he rode through that lane of gentlemen? As for myself, I saw more than I expected in my dreams. He was always the prince of a fairy story. But the prince of my dreams was a plain country gentleman, and before me was a gentleman of a kind I had never imagined, more courtly, more handsome, more splendid. I know of no other men of all those who have lived in this eighteenth century whose face is so well remembered even twenty years and more after his death. Why, there is not a woman, over thirty, within twenty miles of Dilston or Hexham, who, at the mere mention of his name or recollection of his face, doth not instantly fetch a sigh and drop a tear in memory of the handsome lord.

For those who never had the fortune to see him in the flesh, it is necessary to state that his face was full, with features well proportioned; his nose long, and finely cut; his eyes gray of color and large (the large eye, they say, betokens the generous heart); I have myself seen those eyes so full of love, pity and tenderness, that it makes the memory of them fill my own with tears; his forehead was high and square; his chin was round and large—a small chin or a chin which falls back, says Mr. Hilyard, is a sign of weakness and irresolution; a deserter, coward, runaway or informer should be painted with a retreating chin (Mr. Patten's chin was such, which proves the statement). As for my lord's lips they were firm and well set, yet of the kind which betray passion and agitation of the mind, so that those who knew him well could at all times read in the movements of his lips the emotions of his soul. My lord's complexion was fair, and, before his hair was shaved, his head was adorned with clusters of brown curls.

In short, the countenance of Lord Derwentwater indicated a soul full of dignity, benevolence and sweetnes. So it looked to me the first time that ever I looked upon it; so it proved to be, so long as I knew it; so it seemed to me the last time—oh, most sad and sorrowful time!—that I saw it. There never was any human face in which the great virtues of humanity and kindness were more brightly illustrated than in the face of this young gentleman.

Behind the earl rode his two brothers, Francis and Charles. The former was of smaller stature than the elder brother, and held his head down as if in thought—but it was his habit to go thus looking upon the ground. When he lifted his eyes one saw that they were strangely sad, and on his face there rested always a cloud, for which there was no reason save that he was, like his uncle, of a melancholic temperament from his youth upwards; and his eyes had always a look in them as of one who expects misfortune. As for Charles, the youngest of the three (now an exile in France), he was as yet but a lad of sixteen, well-grown and handsome, wore his own brown hair, and was as handsome as his eldest brother, yet in a different way. Those who can read fate in the eyes may have read his there, but to the rest of us they were brave and merry eyes, belonging to a young man who neither looked for evil nor feared it, and certainly never anticipated it; a brave, impetuous creature, as full of fancies and whims as any girl, as hot-headed as a Highlander; no lover of books or reading, yet a lad who had a great deal of knowledge, and forgot nothing. As he read so little, one must needs conjecture that he picked up his knowledge as the birds pick up their crumbs, bit by bit from conversation. Thus, though no scholar, he began very soon to be curious about the Roman remains, ancient ruins, and the antiquities of the county, so that he must needs ride over to Chollerford with Mr. Hilyard to see the old bridge and the wall, and discourse with him on moat and tower, and the uses of the wall, as if he had been a great student.

The mud and dust of travel had stained their clothes, but still the three brothers were much more richly dressed than our plain gentlemen, who for the most part wore plain drab or plush coats, with silver buttons, their linen not always of the freshest, their ruffles generally torn, and their wigs undressed. But then there is not much money among these younger sons, so that these things go unregarded. Nevertheless, I saw more than one looking with envy on the gold-laced hats and the embroidered scarfs of the Earl and his brothers.

Well, there was, to be sure, a great shouting as my lord rode slowly through this lane, shaking hands with every man in turn. He knew the names and families, though not the faces, of all, and could give each a kindly speech, with his Christian name, as if he had been an old friend separated only by a month or two. Presently it came to our turn, and he bowed very low and kissed my hand, saying a pretty thing about the good omen of being welcomed by the beautiful Dorothy Forster, and that if she would extend her friendship to him he should indeed be happy.

"I fear, my lord," I said, being confused with so much compliment, "that you take me for my aunt, Lady Crewe."

"Nay," he said, "I take you for no other than yourself; although I know, believe me, of that elder Dorothy, once the flame of my father."

And then more compliments, which may be omitted because they were framed in pure kindness, and intended to please a girl who certainly never had many pretty things said to her before, though she knew very well that many gentlemen—she thought to please her brother—called her the beautiful Dorothy.

"And this," said my lord, "I dare swear, is my cousin, Tom Forster of Bambrough."

"No other, my lord," cried Tom, heartily, "and right glad to see you home again."

Presently all rode back together, the younger men still shouting, and the elders riding soberly behind the earl, I having the honor of riding on his right hand and Mr. Errington on his left, while Tom rode with Frank and Charles Radcliffe. It was wonderful to observe how my lord knew all of them, and their private affairs and estates, and their position in the county. Indeed, by his father's orders—his mother caring nothing about such matters—he had been instructed most carefully in the history of the Northumberland families.

It was now nearly four o'clock, and the short February day was drawing to a close. But the people who had come so far were not tired of waiting, and we found them all upon the bridge, ready to shout their honest greeting. An honest and hearty crowd. Among them were not only some of the earl's cousins—there was never a Radcliffe without a cloud of cousins—and Lord Widdrington, with his brothers and others of this company from Hexham, but also the tenants and farmers and a great company of miners, rough and rude fellows, with bristly beards and shaggy coats, who had trudged across the moor from Allendale. They were gathered together on the bridge, with pipers and a drum. When the procession came in sight you may fancy what a noise, with the music and the shouting, was raised, and what a waving and throwing of hats, and how the younger men in their joy, after the manner of young men, did beat and belabor one another! The earl stopped and looked about him. These hundreds were assembled to give him welcome home. It is such a sight as brings the tears into a young man's eyes; it was the first time, perhaps, that he understood his own power; the visible proof of it dazzled and moved him—remember this, I pray you. Now, had he been brought up among all these people, he would have been familiar with his greatness from the beginning, and so might have grown hardened in heart, as happens to many who come to their estates in boyhood. This was not his case; and he was ever full of compassion for those who were his tenants, his dependents and his servants. When the end came he spared them; he did not lead them out to the destruction which he wrought for himself. And from a mistaken sense of honor, though with a heavy heart. I say that at the sight of these rude and hearty people the tears came into the young earl's eyes and fell down his cheeks. I, who was nearest to him, saw them, and treasured the memory of them in my heart.

Then we rode across the bridge, and so up the steep lane which leads to the great avenue of Dilston Hall; and, beyond the avenue, the little bridge across the Devilstone, its water, then foaming white, rushing down the dark and narrow channel between rugged rocks covered with green moss and (but not in March) with climbing plants, and arched over with trees, such as larch, alder, birch and rowan. Behind us tramped and ran the crowd, all shouting together, with such a tumult as had not been seen since last the Scottish marauders attacked the town of Hexham; and that was long enough ago, and clean forgotten.

At the doors of the castle the earl's nearest relations stood ready to receive him. The first to greet him were his aunts, the Ladies Katherine and Mary Radcliffe, the sisters of the late earl. They were not yet old, as Northumberland counts age, but certainly stricken in years, and perhaps neither of them under fifty. Both were dressed alike, and wore simple black silk frocks, with plain satin petticoats, high stomachers, and a great quantity of lace on their sleeves; also they had on long white kid gloves, and their hair was carefully dressed in high commodes, on the top of which was more lace, which gave them a nun-like appearance. Everybody knows that they hesitated all their lives whether or not to enter a convent, but in deference to their spiritual adviser remained without those gloomy walls, and yet practiced, besides the usual Christian virtues, as to which many ladies of lower rank will not yield to them, the rules of some strict sisterhood, in virtue of which they rose early, and even in the night, to pray in the chapel, fasted very frequently, and went always in terror whether, by taking an egg on a Friday, or sugar to their chocolate, or cheese in Lent, they were not endangering their precious souls. Lady Katherine was the elder, and she was perhaps more lined and crossed in the face than her sister.

A pretty sight it was to see these two ladies trembling when their nephews approached, looking from one to the other of the three gallant young men who stood before them, and turning at length to the tallest and bravest of the three, who stepped forward and bent his knee, kissing their hands, and then kissing their cheeks.

"James," cried Lady Katherine, "you are like my father more than your own."

"Nay, sister," said Mary, "he is also like our brother. Nephew, you are welcome home. Stay with your own people; a Radcliffe is best in Northumberland; stay among us, and marry a North Country girl. And these are Frank and Charles. My dears, you are also very welcome. Remember, we are English here, not French."

So they, too, saluted their aunts, and then Lady Swinburne followed, and after her Sir William, who, as he bade his cousin welcome to his own, loudly expressed the hope that nothing would be attempted by the earl or his friends which would endanger so noble a head or so great an estate, adding that he knew there were many who would endeavor to make his lordship a stalking-horse; that he was young as yet, and inexperienced; and that he commanded him to follow the counsels of his father's old friend, Mr. Errington. To this Lord Widdrington responded with a loud Amen and a profane oath, saying that, as for

danger, if all who were in the same boat would only pull together, and with a will, there would be no danger.

So, one after another, all had been presented to the earl, and we were beginning to wonder what would come next, when we saw the Rev. Mr. Patten stepping forward with an air of great importance. He bowed very low, and said that he had the honor to represent the Protestant Church of England and the clergy of Northumberland. (This shows the pushing, lying nature of the man, who had been in his vicarage but a few months, and was unknown to the clergy, except that he was once curate at Penrith). In their name he bade his lordship welcome. Speaking as a High Churchman and Tory, he said that he, in common with most, desired nothing so much as to be delivered of the godless; meaning, I suppose, the Whigs. And that, as for those who wished to transfer the succession to the House of Hanover, he could say, from his conscience:

"Confounded be these rebels all
That to usurpers bow,
And make what Gods and Kings they please,
And worship them below."

He said a good deal more—being applauded by some and regarded by others as an impudent intruder.

"I thank you, sir," said my lord, coldly, when this person had quite finished; "but for this evening, indeed, we will have nothing of politics or the godless, or of Whigs and Tories."

This he said partly to rebuke the impudent zeal of Mr. Patten, and partly to silence certain noisy gentlemen who were loudly boasting of what would happen now that his lordship was at home. One may truly say that there was scarcely a moment from the time of the earl's return when he was allowed to rest in peace, from the day he returned to the day when he left his castle for the last time, their intention being always to keep before his lordship, and never suffer him to forget, that he was considered the head and chief of the Prince's adherents in the North, and that his approval was taken for granted whatever was hatched. Those who were for open rebellion reckoned that he would join the first rising whenever and wherever that was attempted without hesitation; as for those who were for patience and making the party strong, they knew that they could perfectly depend upon him. In reality, however, it was perfectly well understood that the earl desired above all things, and was desired by the leading men of the party, to keep himself retired and apart from politics until the time came when, like an important piece in the game of chess, he could move with the best effect.

When my lord and his brothers retired to change their traveling dress, Colonel Radcliffe invited the whole company to a supper, or banquet, which would be shortly served in the Great Hall. This was, of course, expected. Presently the brothers returned, dressed in a fashion suitable to their rank. The earl had a peach-colored satin coat, lined with white, a flowered silk waistcoat, a crimson scarf, white silk stockings and red-heeled shoes with diamond buckles.

I think there never was a more joyful banquet than this; perhaps the cooks were not equal to those of Paris, but I am sure that by the guests nothing better could have been desired or expected. Of ladies there were only five. I was pleased to observe at the bottom of the table Mr. Hilyard, who was proposing to retire, as, not being a gentleman of the county or by birth, he was right in doing; but Colonel Radcliffe, who knew him well, insisted on his coming in, and placed him at the table beside himself.

It was Mr. Errington who proposed the health of his lordship. He reminded those present who were of his own age that it was already twenty years since a Radcliffe had lived in Dilston Hall, and more than that length of time since so large a company had met together under its roof. He then spoke of the young earl's education, and averred his belief that, though brought up in France, he had remained an Englishman at heart, and had brought from that country nothing but the politeness of its nobles and the gallantry of its people—qualities, he said, which, added to the courage of the English bulldog and his own generous nature as a true Radcliffe, could not but command the affections and respect of all. He would have said more, but the gentlemen would listen no longer, and, springing to their feet, drained their glasses, and shouted so that it did your heart good to hear them.

"Gentlemen," said his lordship, when they suffered him at length to speak, and when his voice returned to him, for he was choked almost with the natural emotion which was caused by so much heartiness, "Gentlemen, I know not how to thank you sufficiently; indeed, I have no words strong enough for my thanks. I am an untried stranger, and you treat me as a proved friend. Yet we are kith and kin; we are cousins all; our ancestors stood shoulder to shoulder in many a Border fight; so let us always stand together. And as for what my cousin, Sir William, said just now, it is truly the wish of the Prince that no rash or ill-considered enterprise be taken in hand."

Then he sat down, saying no more, for he was a man of few words. And, while the gentlemen shouted again, the ladies left the board, and went away to talk by themselves about his lordship and his two brothers.

Meanwhile, outside, the common sort, unmindful of the cold, were regaling themselves in their own way, having a barrel or two of strong ale broached, and a great fire, where an ox was roasting whole, the very smell of the beef being a banquet to many a poor soul who seldom tastes flesh, unless it be the flesh of swine, and that in great lumps of fat, which they sometimes eat with bread and sometimes soak in hot milk. Providence having bestowed

upon this class of people stomachs stronger than those of gentlefolk.

When Lord Derwentwater left his guests, which was early, because he never loved deep potations, he went outside to speak with his humble friends round the bonfire. They were at the moment engaged upon the beef, which was good but underdone, and in their best and most cheerful mood. He went among them shaking them by the hand, asking their names, kissing the younger women, promising to call at their houses and farms, bidding the lads to bustle about with the beer, promising to help them if he could be of any help, laughing at himself for understanding their speech slowly, and all with so hearty and easy a grace as to make the poor folk feel that truly a friend had come to them at last across the seas.

The housekeeper, good Mrs. Busby, who had waited for him day and night for twenty years, found beds for the ladies and for some of the gentlemen. But most of them slept where they fell, and in the morning, by dint of cold water poured upon the head, and small beer within, recovered their faculties before they rode away.

Before I went up the great staircase to bed, I looked into the hall. It was already very late — nearly eleven. The gentlemen were drinking still, and some of them were smoking pipes of tobacco, which men were very red in the face, and some had fallen asleep — their heads hanging downwards and very helpless and sad to see, or else lying back upon the chair with open mouth like an idiot, or lying on the table upon their arms. Strong drink had stolen away their brains, and for twelve hours they would be senseless. Among those who slept in their chairs was none other than his reverence, Mr. Robert Patten. A shameful spectacle! His great mouth was wide open, his head lying back, and some wags with a burnt cork had marked his upper lip and cheeks with the black moustachios and ferocious whiskers like those borne — I am told — by certain soldiers of a warlike nation called Heyducks. Why, it is a venal thing for a layman, one who has, perhaps, ridden and hunted for a whole day, to be overcome with thirst and potency of drink; but for a clergyman, one whose thoughts should be set upon holy things and the mysteries of the Christian scheme — Faugh! the sight is sickening indeed!

How different was Mr. Anthony Hilyard! He was not drunk, nor, apparently, touched with wine. But his jolly red face was covered with smiles. On one side of him sat Colonel Radcliffe, who had forgotten his invisible enemy, and was now laughing and listening; on the other side was Charles Radcliffe, not drinking, but looking curiously around him and especially at the singer, as, with glorified face, bright eyes and brandished glass, as if life was to him a dream of pure happiness without care or fear, he sang merrily.

END OF PART SIX.

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

THE 14th of February is over a day of heart throb, not only in youthful, but occasionally in middle-aged, bosoms. It is a day of reminder — a day on which the gentleman whose head is inclined to baldness, whose waistcoat needs letting out, and who loves to linger over his meals, needs must mentally come face to face with the grim and dreary fact that youth has passed, that the age of valentines is over, and *O, ma douce jouteuse!* the bitter cry wrung from his inner heart. With the gentler sex St. Valentine is ever worshiped, for some elderly ladies possess the knack of ensnaring the affections of youthful admirers, to whom the tribute of a valentine arises to the dignity of a creed. To the young, the morning of the 14th comes with laggard steps. On this bright particular day the postman's gait is that of the tortoise; nor are there deliveries enough. From the scullery to the drawing-room the illuminated perfumed message of love comes with equal grace, and Biddy receives her pictorial homage from Mike with as honest a heart-beat as that of Angelina's when Edwin's expansive demonstration of admiration reaches her taper fingers. Our illustration shows the terrible straits that young gentlemen and old are reduced to in order to create something original to send to a beautiful reigning belle on St. Valentine's Day. Their mental agonies are depicted after such a fashion as indicates the storm raging within — the very youthful gentleman's idiotic stare; the bald-headed gentleman's eye in fine frenzy rolling; the lady-killer, languid but exercised; while the object of all this adoration wearily receives this homage, preferring one tiny scrap of his handwriting to all the symphonies in color ever dreamt of in Oscar's wildest imaginings. Blessed be St. Valentine, then! for he it is who causes so many delicious heart-beats on February the 14th.

THE DEATH OF WENDELL PHILLIPS.

WITH the death of Wendell Phillips one of the most conspicuous historic figures of our American politics disappears from the scene of action, and one of the most eloquent voices that ever pleaded for the rights of humanity is stilled for ever. The story of his life, so familiar to the world, need not be recited at length in these columns. He was born in Boston, November 29th, 1811. The son of the first Mayor of Boston, the lineal descendant of one of the earliest English and Puritan settlers on Massachusetts soil, he fitted for college at the Boston Latin School, achieved in due time a Harvard sheepskin, made his studies at the University Law School, and at twenty-three was admitted to the Suffolk Bar. His purpose then, apparently, was to give all his attention to the law. Circumstances, however, ordered his life and career very differently, and, under a strong sense of duty, he soon became a leader in that war against slavery which was waged so long by the Abolitionists. In 1836 he became a Garrison Abolitionist, and in 1839 he gave up his law practice from unwillingness to observe the oath of fealty to the Federal Constitution. On the 8th of December, 1837, he made the first of that remarkable series of orations which contributed so much to deepen the anti-slavery sentiment throughout New England. Rev. Elijah P. Lovejoy had been shot down by a mob at Alton, Ill., and the Attorney-general of Massachusetts, speaking at a mass meeting of citizens in Faneuil Hall, declared that Lovejoy had "died as the fool died," and likened the Alton mob to the Boston tea-party. Wendell Phillips took the floor. "The disputed right," he said, "which provoked the Revolution — taxation without representation — is far beneath that for which Lovejoy died." The Boston of that day hissed and groaned with all its

might. The young man faced the storm without a sign of flinching. "One word, gentlemen," he said. "As much as thought is better than money, so much is the cause in which Lovejoy died nobler than a mere question of taxes. James Otis thundered in this hall when the king did but touch his pocket. Imagine, if you can, his indignant eloquence had England offered to put a gag upon his lips. It is good for us to be here. When liberty is in danger, Faneuil Hall has the right, it is her duty, to strike the keynote for these United States."

From that day until 1861 Mr. Phillips was a prominent leader and the most popular orator of the Abolitionist Party. His name alone sufficed to command great audiences, and he probably did as much as any other person for the cause of the Abolitionists. What he considered to be errors he handled in the fiercest manner. His oratory was much assisted by the circumstance that he was a man of very commanding presence, an orator's figure often having as much to do with his effectiveness as his figures of speech. He advocated disunion as the only road to abolition until the opening of the Civil War, when he sustained the Government for a similar reason. In 1863-64 he advocated the arming, educating and enfranchising the freedmen, and for the two latter purposes procured the continuance of the Anti-Slavery Society until after the adoption of the Fifteenth Amendment in 1869. Mr. Phillips did not confine his exertions to the crusade against Slavery. The Temperance Reform had in him a steady, an able and a most consistent supporter. He co-operated actively with the advocates of the rights of women, a cause that followed logically from his anti-slavery principles. All other causes that seemed to be worthy commanded Mr. Phillips's support.

Mr. Phillips, great as he was, was not always just in his judgments nor wise in his methods. He misunderstood Abraham Lincoln, as we all remember. He uttered many a bitter word that would have been better unsaid. In these latter years he has espoused more than one cause undeserving of his high championship. But he was always honest, and he never surrendered or compromised a principle which he believed to be essential. "His hands were clean from any stain of gold; he did not love place or self," and even his earnings were expended in benevolence. The weak and poor never appealed to him for help in vain.

Mr. Phillips's death was caused by angina pectoris, an affection of the heart. He suffered severely for a week before his decease, the attacks of pain requiring the constant attendance of physicians for their partial relief. When told that his end was approaching, he said: "I have no fear of death. I am as ready to die to-day as at any time." He simply desired to outline Mrs. Phillips that he might care for her. In fact, during all his suffering when racked with pain, his thoughts were of his invalid wife, for whom he had tenderly cared many years. The announcement of his death produced a profound sensation all over New England, and numerous expressions of the public sorrow have been made by official bodies, societies, churches, etc.

The funeral, which took place on the 6th instant, was the occasion of a very general demonstration of respect to the memory of the deceased. At an early hour the remains, in a casket of plain mahogany, were carried to the Hollis Street Church, where services were conducted by Revs. Samuel Longfellow and Samuel May. These concluded, the body was carried in procession, with a company of the Sixth Regiment and the Robert G. Shaw Veteran Association, colored, as escort, to Faneuil Hall, where it lay in state for some hours. The streets along which the *cortege* passed were densely crowded, and at Faneuil Hall there was a vast concourse of people. Here the casket was placed on a catafalque just in front of the rostrum, and for the first time opened to public view. There were but three floral decorations in the Hall. These were very elaborate and beautiful in design, and were presented by General Butler, the Irish associations of America and the Irish associations of Boston. From the hall the remains were carried to the Old Granary Burying-ground on Tremont Street, where they were placed in the Phillips family tomb.

The Tunnel under the Mersey.

A COMPANY for tunneling under the Mersey and for carrying a line of railway through the tunnel was formed many years ago, and duly obtained the sanction of Parliament for the proposed enterprise, but this company was not destined to be more than a pioneer to the actual undertaking. The money at first subscribed was almost entirely consumed in experimental borings, intended to demonstrate the practicability of the work or to discover the best direction for it, and the shareholders, becoming disheartened, were at last induced to part with their powers and rights to private purchasers, who engaged in the cautious prosecution of the necessary works, and soon carried matters to such a point that the completion of the tunnel was no longer problematical. Work was begun on the tunnel in 1879, and in less than two years a large shaft, both to afford access and to supply the means of drainage, had been sunk to a depth of 180 feet on either side of the river, two powerful engines and two double sets of pumping apparatus were provided, and the actual horizontal driftway was begun. The length of this, from shaft to shaft, is 4,800 feet. The Mersey tunnel is, therefore, not quite so long as the unfinished tunnel under the Hudson at New York, which is said to be 5,500 feet in length, from shaft to shaft, and fully 12,000 feet in length, including the river approaches. The railroad through the tunnel is to be continued, from each extremity, mostly beneath streets, to effect junctions with the chief lines by which the traffic of Liverpool and Birkenhead is at present conducted. The estimated cost of the whole undertaking, including the tunnel, railway, connections and stations is \$4,330,000, and in 1881 the proprietors, having demonstrated the certainty of a successful issue, transferred the undertaking to a public company, which was formed for the purpose of completing and working the line. It was expected that the work would be completed and the line in operation by August, 1883, but such rapid work proved impossible, and it was not until a fortnight since that an opening was effected and communication established between the two forces of workmen.

"Tamales," and How they are Made.

IN the streets of San Francisco at night, a number of picturesquely clad Spaniards hawk a queer article of food, locally known as "tamales." The men take their stands punctually at half-past eight o'clock in the evening and remain until midnight. One of them thus describes the manufacture of their merchandise: "To make tamales, we take a chicken and boil it. When it is cold we cut it up as they do meat to make Hamburg steak. Then we take corn-husks and dip them in cold water. The next step is to grind the corn. Then we grind fine some Chili peppers and stew with a little flour and lard to confer flavor, and, after a little, take it off and let it cool. The corn-husks being all ready, and the meal made into a thick paste, we take a piece of chicken, two olives, a tablespoonful of pepper, and some meat, and arrange it on a husk. Then we take a knife, and, as one butters bread, spread the meal paste on other husks, and finally wrap one husk so prepared around the first husk, and keep on until the tamales are as big as an ear of corn, when we tie the ends and middle with a narrow piece of husk and it is done. As soon as enough tamales are made, they are placed in an oven and steamed until it is time to take them down-town. For corn-husks I

pay \$7 for six pounds; chicken costs ninety-five cents each; olives, 50 for four gallons; Chili peppers, fifty cents a pound; and corn, \$1.95 a sack of one hundred and sixty pounds. There is five per cent. profit, and my sales are such that I get along without doing other business. Do you know that a tamale will sober up a drunken man?"

Senator Vest's Rash Promise.

DURING the Christmas holidays, says the *Times*, Senators Beck, Vance and Jackson wanted Senator Vest to go hunting with them on Currituck Sound. "Now, what's the use?" said he. "It's ever so much more comfortable here. What's the use of slopping around with your feet wet to your waistband all day, and never shooting a single duck? You go ahead and let me be, and I'll eat at one sitting every canvas-back you shoot." "Oh, you will, will you?" cried the trio; and off they went for Currituck, while Vest staid at home. Well, the hunters had a streak of "dumb luck." They returned with about a hundred ducks, mostly canvas-backs; sixty snipe, two geese and two swans. Jackson killed most of them, his powers of silence giving him an advantage over his comrades. But Vest's hair stood on end when he saw the display and thought of what a job it would be to eat nearly a hundred ducks at one meal. And they say he has ever since been busy going behind the returns and trying to prove that the three Senators never shot a bird, but sat in the Currituck light-house playing backgammon while the keeper and his assistants were doing great slaughter on the meadows.

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.

Steel Tubes are found to retain twice as much magnetism as steel rods, and are therefore better for permanent magnets.

It is held that some of the rays of electric light are hurtful to vegetation, but these may be held back by transparent glass.

The Finnish Government has ordered a steamer to be specially built in Sweden for the scientific researches to be prosecuted in the Baltic.

Zylonite is now made of paper, and it can be manufactured into articles in imitation of horn, rubber, tortoise-shell, amber and glass. Cathedral windows have been made of it.

The Swedish Government intends to establish a botanical-physiological station in the north of Sweden for the study of the flora and the diseases of the crops in that part of the country.

A Professor in the University of Upsala, Sweden, offers to freeze any person who will volunteer, depriving them of all appearance to vitality, and to bring them round again at the expiration of two years without injury. No one has consented to the experiment, and it is proposed to try it upon some condemned criminal.

There is a good deal of testimony to prove that birds and insects disappear from localities about to be affected with epidemic disease. More attention should be paid by medical men to the collection of meteorological information and collateral data during the prevalence of epidemics. It is nearly a virgin field for scientists.

An immense Land-saurian was found last summer in the Laramie formation of Dakota. It was thirty-eight feet long, and belongs to an extinct order of reptiles. It had decided affinities to birds, being in shape something like a goose. In the auxillary and splenial bones it had more than two thousand teeth. We quote from a reputable authority, but the account reminds us of the Western tendency to exaggeration, and it is a case where scientific accuracy is necessary.

Lieutenant Wohlgemuth, the leader of the Austrian Polar Expedition, has read a paper on the results of the Expedition at the last meeting of the Vienna Geographical Society. One hundred and twenty-four auroras were observed, amongst which about ten were crown-shaped. Amongst the old lava streams and in the crevices of the numerous craters of the island of Jan Mayen, Lieutenant Wohlgemuth found traces of a still progressing volcanic activity, and three times observed well marked subterranean shocks.

An Officer of the United States Engineer Corps, in charge of river improvement work at Lake Providence, La., reports that the Mississippi River bottom is shifting bodily — that, in other words, the mud and sand which make up the deposit in the trough or bed of the river is undergoing bodily translation like an Alpine glacier. In proof of this statement it is said that a pile, maintained its solid hold in the mud and sand and its perpendicular position, has moved sixty-two feet from its original position. This phenomenon, while it is not unknown to science, has not heretofore been observed in connection with the Mississippi River.

A Series of ornithological observatories has been established throughout Austria-Hungary at the instance of Crown Prince Rudolf, with a view to paying special attention to the migration of birds, as well as to their breeding habits. The work done by these stations is satisfactory enough; yet it has been found that a complete insight into the periodical movements of birds cannot be obtained so long as similar stations are not spread over the whole globe. The subject is to form one of the principal topics for discussion at the approaching Ornithological Congress, which will be held under the auspices of the Crown Prince at Vienna on April 16th next and the following days.

After experimenting for many years, Dr. C. Holland has produced a locomotive engine that emits no smoke. It has been successfully running on the Eastern Railroad, between Boston and Portland, for some weeks. Its tender has a water-tank somewhat larger than the usual size, and within this a tank holding nine hundred gallons of crude naphtha. This and the water from the outer tank are forced by a donkey-pump through small valves into four retorts under the boiler, and are there decomposed, the oxygen of the steam uniting with the carbon of the oil at the great heat, and leaving the hydrogen free. The fire can attain its highest degree of heat in ten minutes from the time it is lighted. The estimated cost of running the engine is six cents a mile — a saving of about forty-five per cent. on the cost of coal. The oil is entirely consumed, and there is no escape of smoke and cinders.

M. Houles and De Pietra-Santa, who have studied the matter in the copper-working districts of France, recently made a communication to the French Academy of Sciences, on the action of metallic copper on the human system when breathed in the form of dust in the foundries. They state that in a workshop where yellow copper in great quantities is turned, and the air is thick with copper-dust, the workmen experience no ill effects from breathing the latter, though the same dust mixed with food sometimes gives rise to slight gastro-intestinal trouble, and general malaise. At Tarn (Durior), a colony of copper-workers, living twelve hours a day in an atmosphere impregnated with copper oxide and iron oxide, or red copper dust, do not suffer from it. There seems to be no special malady due to copper inhalation; and, on the other hand, any immunity from typhoid-fever or cholera has not been observed, though the people are in some instances yellow in the skin and eyes with copper taken into the system.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

— IN the suit of a boy in Auburn, N. Y., against the New York Central Railroad for the loss of a foot, the boy recovered \$10,000.

— CHINA is negotiating with an English firm for the construction of telegraph lines to connect Canton with the places in Tonquin occupied by the Chinese.

— THE Cleburne (Texas) Chronicle says: "Preachers and priests, when they travel those parts, generally carry a Bible, but we know of one who carries a six shooter."

— THE Brigham Young Academy, at Provo, U.T., was destroyed by fire January 27th, causing a loss of \$30,000. It was a Mormon school with 400 students. No lives were lost.

— THE German Admiralty is discussing a proposal to ask the Reichstag for a vote of 7,000,000 marks to maintain ironclads, construct torpedoes, and increase the number of sailors.

— THE signal officers on Mount Washington have only a fortnightly mail. They go down after it on boards that run on the railroad track at the rate of a mile a minute, and they climb back on snowshoes.

— ALL female medical students in Russia are compelled to reside in a house provided by the authorities, and to be at home before nine o'clock in the evening, because they are suspected to have nihilist propensities.

— THE United States Government has purchased the Dundee whaler *Thetis*, to be used for the relief of the Greely expedition. The *Thetis* is two years old. It is of 600 tons burden, and is the strongest and stanchest of the Dundee whaling fleet.

— A LATE steamer brings news from the Island of Hayti that the rebels, who were defeated by President Salomon's troops, and who tried to escape by way of the Salomon, were killed in great numbers. Kingston, Jamaica, is filled with fugitives.

— THE recent "meter-makers' protest" in Philadelphia was not a strike of the pose, but an action taken by the manufacturers of gas meters to induce the Gas Trust to award bids for meter work to establishments in that city, instead of elsewhere.

— THE upper branch of the Mississippi Legislature has passed a Bill providing for the formal trial of habitual drunkards, and, at the Judge's discretion, for the appointment of guardians for the same class or their confinement in the lunatic asylum.

— THE police have just captured three of a gang of bold New York thieves who gained notoriety by their successful innovations upon the art of robbing. They not long since successfully carried out the audacious trick of inducing a grocer to fill a silk hat with molasses, ostensibly to decide a bet, then jamming it over the unfortunate man's head and making off with the contents of the till.

— NEW eruptions are reported from the crater of Vainajokul, a large and most unknown territory in Iceland, from which similar reports were heard a year ago. The recent eruptions were accompanied by earthquakes and the falling of ashes. It is suggested that an exploration of the unknown fields of this region might yield even more satisfactory results than were yielded by the late expeditions into the island regions of Greenland.

— IN the primary schools of Paris the boys are taught military tactics, in uniform, and with rifles adapted to their age. One lad, aged thirteen, was refused admittance to the school battalion, as he suffered from squinting, but was told the surgeon "can cure you of that." He went to the hospital, demanded to be operated upon, and left cured. On returning to the school he was at once nominated to the rank of full sergeant.

— THE English are making great efforts to extend the trade of the country at the present time. Having regard to the projected commercial treaty between England and Spain, a new journal devoted to the iron and hardware trade is about to be published in Birmingham. The paper is to be printed in Spanish, and is intended for circulation in Spain and the Spanish provinces of South America. It is expected to be a medium of communication between British and Spanish merchants.

— AN effort is making to induce the Dominion Parliament to pass an Act restricting Chinese immigration into the Provinces of British Columbia. A Bill has already been introduced by the Provincial Government making it compulsory for every Chinese person of fourteen years and over to pay \$100 dollars into the treasury and take a license. It is found without a license they will be liable to a fine of \$40, and any one employing a Chinaman who has not a license will be liable to a fine of \$50.

— A LADY writing from Paris describes something new in the fashion of wearing long gloves: "At a grand dinner I attended not long ago I saw several ladies, who, instead of taking off their mousquetaire gloves, slipped the hand through the opening made for the three buttons, rolled the glove and stuck it in the lengthy part covering the arm, thus baring the hand to eat and not the arm. After the dinner they slipped their gloves on again. A young lady who afterwards was asked to play on the piano did the same thing."

THE COLOSSAL STATUE OF
GENERAL LEE.

THE largest bronze statue ever cast in New York is that of General Robert E. Lee, just finished by the Henry & Bonnard Manufacturing Company, of this city, for New Orleans. The figure stands sixteen feet high on the plinth, and weighs nearly 7,000 pounds. It was cast in six sections, the head alone weighing 305 pounds. It represents General Lee in an easy, natural position, standing erect with folded arms, as though overlooking the field of battle. He is dressed in full service uniform, with cavalry boots, and the sword strapped at his side measures eight feet from tip to hilt. The stars, according to his wish, are placed on the lapel of his coat instead of on the collar. The figure was modeled in New Orleans by Mr. Alexander Doyle, and the work on the casting was begun last June, but it was suspended in order that Mr. J. Q. A. Ward's statue of Washington might be completed for Evacuation Day. The colossal statue has been shipped entire to New Orleans, where it will be unveiled in a public square on Washington's Birthday. The entire cost has been defrayed by subscriptions in the South and in this city.

THE SPRING FLOODS.

THE "Spring freshets" have begun their destructive work earlier than usual, and already along the Ohio River the inundations have done immense damage, with some loss of life. The flood of last week was the highest recorded in many years, and scenes of devastation extended for hundreds of miles. One of the points of greatest suffering was the Youghiogheny region in Westmoreland County, Pa., where mining hamlets and portions of towns were inundated, and hundreds of families driven from their homes by the rising waters. In some places it was found necessary to anchor the houses to rocks and trees to prevent their being swept away. The scene along the route of the great gorge, which extended thirty miles up the Youghiogheny River, beggars description. The streets and dooryards were piled full of ice, in many instances the heaps being fifteen and twenty feet high. The whole lower portion of West Newton was under water. Many families had to be removed from the second story windows of their houses. Several small houses, stables and outbuildings were carried away. At Wheeling, in West Virginia, the flood caused almost incalculable loss and suffering. One-half of the city was submerged, 5,000 people were made homeless, factories and stores were drowned out, all local travel was suspended, and losses of \$1,500,000 in property of one sort and another are reported.

The City of Pittsburg was shrouded in fog and gloom, partly submerged, and 15,000 men thrown out of employment by the destruction of mills and factories. In Cincinnati the rapid rise of the river was unprecedented. At Marietta, where a large crowd of people had gathered on the bank of the tributary Muskingum, a portion of the ground gave way, and fifty persons were precipitated into the flood. Fifteen were lost, being mostly children. Many farm animals were drowned, and in one place a live baby floating in a cradle was found by the wreckers. From all parts of Northern and Central Ohio come reports of great damage and much suffering. At Louisville, Ky., hundreds of families were drowned out. It is feared that there will be very high water in the Lower Mississippi, if not another great and disastrous overflow. All the waters from the Ohio and Missouri Rivers and upper tributaries must pass off below Cairo, through a single channel, which is not broad enough to contain them.

The outlook in and below Memphis is bad, and people living within reach of the river have for days last week engaged in the removal of property and stock.

MR. HENRY D. LYMAN.

THE NEW SECOND ASSISTANT POSTMASTER
GENERAL.

THE new Second Assistant Postmaster-general, Mr. Henry D. Lyman, is, apparently, "the right man in the right place." He was selected as Mr. Elmer's successor entirely in accordance with civil service reform principles. He is young, active, capable and honest, familiar with every detail of the office of which he has for many months been the practical, if not responsible, head. He is from the Nineteenth Ohio District, so long represented by General Garfield, and entered the service in 1875, without recommendation or influence to back him, obtaining after a brief probation a clerkship in the office of Chief Inspector Woodward. He manifested great interest in the business and developed a wonderful aptitude for mastering all its defects. After two or three years of service he was promoted to a sixteen-hundred-dollar position, which he held until early in 1881, when he resigned to accept a position with a business house in Rochester. Chief Inspector Woodward, who was then engaged in working up the case against the Star Route thieves, greatly desired to retain Mr. Lyman's services, and soon after the latter reached Rochester he was telegraphed for by Postmaster-general James to take the place of Chief Contract Clerk, made vacant by the going out with Brady of John L. French. In answer to a second telegram Mr. Lyman accepted, returned to Washington, and rendered valuable assistance to the Government in preparing the case against the Star Route swindlers. Since he has held the place he has incurred the dislike of many contractors in the mail service in consequence of his determination to compel all contractors to live up to their contracts with the Government. It was a proper recognition by Mr. Gresham of faithful and intelligent service when he recommended Mr. Lyman for promotion, and there is no doubt that the new appointee will prove in every way deserving of the distinguished mark of confidence bestowed upon him.

THE NEW KENTUCKY SENATOR.

THE protracted senatorial contest in Kentucky has resulted in the election of Hon. Joseph C. S. Blackburn, the present Representative in the House from the Seventh District of that State. Mr. Blackburn was born at Versailles, Ky., on the 1st of October, 1838, and after graduating from Centre College at Danville in 1857, was a year later admitted to the Bar. After practicing his profession for nearly two years in Chicago, whether he had gone soon after entering upon it, he returned to his native State, and as an assistant elector on the Breckinridge ticket, participated actively in the Presidential contest of that year. When the Civil War broke out, Mr. Blackburn entered the Confederate Army as a private trooper. He was selected as an aide-de-camp by General William Preston in the following year and served on the staff of that commander in most of the great battles of the Western Army, particularly distinguishing himself by daring courage at Chickamauga. For two years after the war he lived in Arkansas, but in 1868 again returned to his native county, where he has since remained engaged in farming and the practice of the law. He served two terms in the Kentucky



DOYLE'S COLOSSAL BRONZE STATUE OF GEN. ROBERT E. LEE, DESIGNED FOR A PUBLIC SQUARE IN NEW ORLEANS.—FROM A PHOTO. BY COE.



DOROTHY FORSTER.—"AMONG THOSE WHO SLEPT IN THEIR CHAIRS WAS HIS REVERENCE, MR. ROBERT PATTEN. SOME WAG WITH A BURNT CORK HAS MARKED HIS UPPER LIP AND CHEEKS WITH BLACK MUSTACHIOS AND FEROCIOUS WHISKERS."—SEE PAGE 410.

THE RECENT MINING DISASTER IN COLORADO.



HENRY D. LYMAN, NEWLY APPOINTED SECOND ASSISTANT POSTMASTER-GENERAL.
FROM A PHOTO. BY C. M. BELL.

Legislature, in 1871-3, and in 1874 he was elected to succeed Mr. Beck in Congress. He was re-elected in 1876, 1878, 1880 and 1882. Mr. Blackburn has been for years a prominent figure on the Democratic side of the House. He was one of the most vigorous opponents of the Electoral Commission scheme by which Mr. Hayes was seated as President, and has been among the foremost in furthering every political measure proposed by his party. His transfer to the Senate will be a positive gain to the Democratic minority in that body.

Give on this page an illustration of the scene of the recent mining calamity at Crested Butte, Colorado, which resulted in the loss of some sixty lives. The mine at which the disaster occurred was that of the Colorado Coal and Iron Company, and the victims were Germans, Swedes, Scotch, Welsh and Irish, nearly thirty of whom had wives and families. The explosion which carried death to the miners was terrific in its violence, and the scene at the mouth of the mine immediately after almost baffled description. The entrance to the level, consisting of a rough board shed two hundred feet long, was partly blown down and badly demoralized; cars were partially demolished; the mammoth fan which drives fresh air into the mine and expels the foul air was considerably injured; glass was broken in the adjoining buildings; and the débris was thrown in some places a distance of several hundred feet. In the different chambers in the mine the scene was equally appalling. The walls were thrown down, timbers scattered in confusion, massive chunks of coal hurled from the vein, and the pathway in some places almost wholly obstructed. A force was speedily organized to collect the bodies of the dead, and those when recovered were placed in one of the company's buildings, when, after the coroner's inquest, they were delivered to the grief-stricken relatives. Our picture shows on the extreme right the mouth of the tunnel; next comes the fan; then the engine-house, in which is an engine to force air into the mine. In the centre is the blacksmith-shop, in which the dead were placed. To the left is the engine-house for hoisting the coal. The long shed reaching from the tunnel to the engine-house, covers the railway where the coal is drawn by mules to the station, half a mile below. The tall framework on the side of the hill is the ventilator.

The mine where the disaster occurred has been known to be a dangerous one, and a strong feeling of indignation against the owners has been manifested throughout Colorado.



KENTUCKY.—HON. JOSEPH C. S. BLACKBURN, UNITED STATES SENATOR-ELECT.
FROM A PHOTO. BY C. M. BELL.

Legislature, in 1871-3, and in 1874 he was elected to succeed Mr. Beck in Congress. He was re-elected in 1876, 1878, 1880 and 1882. Mr. Blackburn has been for years a prominent figure on the Democratic side of the House. He was one of the most vigorous opponents of the Electoral Commission scheme by which Mr. Hayes was seated as President, and has been among the foremost in furthering every political measure proposed by his party. His transfer to the Senate will be a positive gain to the Democratic minority in that body.

men, who found these poor people regretting only that they could not do more for the shipwrecked survivors. The reporters entered several of the dwellings, and primitive places of abode they are. Everything was neat, but there were no luxuries and few comforts. The thin, unplastered walls were a poor protection from the icy gale. Entire families lived together in one or two rooms and a loft reached by a ladder. The people were scantily clad. Women came down to the landing in the blustering snow-storm wearing their calico



COLORADO.—SCENE OF THE RECENT TERRIBLE MINING DISASTER AT CRESTED BUTTE.
FROM A PHOTO. BY GEORGE E. MELLEN.

resses, but they seemed not to know it was cold. In collecting the dead upon the beach the body of one poor woman was found entirely nude. Another had scarcely any covering. One of the Indian women had at home two sheets, which were treasures as luxuries seldom to be used. She sped to her house and fetched them, weeping, as she pitifully said it was all she could give to cover the dead. And the bodies were quickly sewed up in these winding-sheets. Thus and much more have those people done without asking even thanks in return. But we misjudge the people of Boston and of New England if the generosity of these poor Indians is not made up to them a hundred, yes, a thousand fold."

OBSEVATIONS ON THE WORKING OF THE AURIFEROUS ALLUVIUMS OF CALIFORNIA. By A. MÉSIA DE LA CERDA, Marquis de Calcedo. Madrid, 1884.

This pamphlet is of considerable value to "gold seekers" all over the world. The noble author, who is a respected authority on mining matters, and who has patented a machine for washing and concentrating auriferous earth or sand, goes into the subject not only with the accuracy of the expert, but with the enthusiasm of the money-spinner. The Marquis de Calcedo gives an elaborate dissertation upon auriferous alluviums, narrating his experience in Colorado and elsewhere in this country; and in an admirable summary, points out the numerous advantages which he justly claims for his own invention. This pamphlet will be read with intense eagerness by those possessing vested interests in the Aladdin-ian of Mines.

FUN.

A PREDICAMENT.—Two o'clock in the morning—slept on the sidewalk—baby got the croup, and no DR. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP in the house.

WHERE are you taking me to?" asked a criminal, addressing the detective who had just arrested him. "I am taking you to the office of the Police Superintendent," was the reply. "I wish to observe in this case, then," said the culprit, "that it is the office seeks the man, and not the man the office."

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THE SUCCESS of the *Mail and Express* newspaper under its present management demonstrates in a marked way the value of character, ability and pluck in journalism. Major J. M. Bundy, the editor-in-chief, took charge of the *Mail* at a moment in its history and under circumstances which seemed utterly to preclude the possibility of redeeming it from its low estate and making it a genuine success. But this is just what has been done, and the result has been achieved not only because he is a trained journalist, but because he has that familiarity with affairs, that breadth and thoroughness of judgment and that intuitiveness of perception which are the prime factors in the equipment of every true editor. Besides this, Major Bundy is a tremendous worker, and knows how to get the best work, too, out of all associated with him.

"ROUGH ON COUGHS," 15c., 25c., 50c., at druggists'. Complete cure Coughs. Hoarseness, Sore Throat.

A NOVEL of the realistic order is "Erring, Yet Noble; The Story of a Woman's Life," by Isaac C. Reed, Jr., republished by T. B. Peterson & Bros., of Philadelphia. Most of the action of this exciting story takes place in New York, though a few scenes are laid in Paris, and others in Virginia during the War. Many and varied social types are boldly portrayed in this novel, and phases of the inner life of a great city are strikingly depicted.

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Professor Wm. C. Richardson, M.D., Dean of the Missouri School of Midwifery, St. Louis.

Professor Tullio S. Verdi, M.D., Commissioner National Board of Health, Washington, D. C.

Professor J. J. Youlin, M.D., President Jersey City Board of Health and Vital Statistics.

Professor R. C. Wood, M.D., LL.D., Dean Southern Medical College, Atlanta, Ga.

Professor Sidney Ringer (University Medical College, London, England), says: "In piles I have found it singularly successful."

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